

The TATLER

Vol. CXVIII. No. 1538.

London, December 17, 1930

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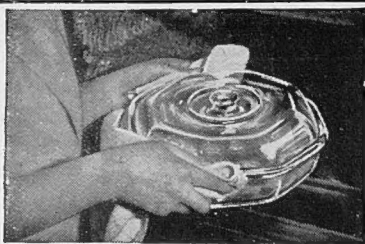
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The TATTLER

Vol. CXVIII. No. 1538. London, December 17, 1930

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Price One Shilling



LADY NUNBURNHOLME AND HER CHILDREN

Yvonde, Victoria Street

THE HON. BEN CHARLES AND THE HON. CHARMIANE WILSON

Lady Nunburnholme was married in 1927, and the son and heir was born in the following year, and the small daughter quite recently. She was formerly Lady Mary Thynne, and is the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, her two elder sisters being Lady Alice Stanley, who married Lord Stanley of Alderley's brother, Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Oliver Stanley, and the Marchioness of Northampton. Lord Nunburnholme was in the 10th and succeeded in 1924



AT SIR GEORGE COOPER'S SHOOT AT HURSLEY

A group of the guns and guests, in which are the Marquess of Bristol, Sir George Cooper, just behind him, Lady Doreen Knatchbull, the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Sligo, Mrs. George Cooper, Sir George Cooper's daughter-in-law, Captain Knatchbull, and Captain George Cooper

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

MY DEAR—Mrs. Henry Mond's party having got crowded out of last week's letter it is going to take precedence in this one. It was held at her lovely Mulberry House, in Smith Square, the good excuse being the introduction to her friends of the room she has just had decorated by Glyn Philpot and David Jagger. Wonderful. The general tones are silver and pale green and five large panels representing Leda, Danaë, the Sphinx, Narcissus, and the Greek Hero lead up to an intriguing bas-relief in green bronze set in parchment marble. This shows a youth and a girl, classical and nude, wrapped in a close embrace and quite oblivious of a party of fashionably dressed young-old women registering intense disapproval. I tried to crystallize its meaning into a phrase, but the best I could do was to borrow Montaigne's epigram: "Old age plants more wrinkles in the mind than in the face." The floor is of silver-grey wood, and lovely doors of panelled green bronze complete the room.

Our hostess wore primrose chiffon with an orchid in her hair and danced with such spirit that it was almost impossible to believe she had been bedridden for several days as the result of a severe cold and a spill out hunting.

A good many people were in white frocks. Lady Patricia Moore had silver embroidery on hers, Mrs. Carl Bendix's was of striped satin and lace, while the Ruthven twins made frilled organdie in juxtaposition with black velvet scarves look very effective. Their sister, Lady Carlisle, was in dark blue and its turquoise relation made a good impression too,

thanks to Lady Lisburne, Mrs. George Phillippi and Lady Erleigh. The dance left midnight a long way behind and if you gather it was a successful one you will be right.

The same evening that Lady Londonderry gave a large party entertained by ballad singers, a small party entertained by Wuhrer was given by Lady Ancaster.

The Letters of Eve



Bertram Park

MISS JOY VERNEY

Whose wedding to the Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, Lord Boyne's eldest son, will take place during the third week of January. Miss Joy Verney is the daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Joan Verney. Sir Harry Verney has been private secretary to the Queen since 1919, and Lady Joan Verney is a Lady-in-Waiting to Her Majesty

She looked extremely young and gay in pale pink, her arms glistening with diamond bracelets and her eyes dancing with delight as she listened to the Viennese waltzes rippling from the pianist's fingers.

Lord Berners, who writes such entrancing ballet music, lent a most appreciative ear, and Mrs. Cochrane-Baillie was paying particular heed. She plays the piano outstandingly well herself, as becomes a pupil of Wuhrer. Other guests included Lord Ivor Churchill and Lady Bridget Parsons, whose black silk gown admirably emphasized her olive complexion and fair hair. Captain Victor Cazalet, flushed and exuberant, came late, the reason being his oratorical effort in the House of Commons.



GETTING READY FOR THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL

Miss Marita Ross, Miss Eileen Hawthorne, and Miss Gwen Clare, three famous artist's models, rehearsing for the Chelsea Arts Club Ball, in Mr. Alfred Haywood's studio. The Ball, as all the dancing world knows, takes place at the Albert Hall on New Year's Eve

Any charity would do well if it could secure the services of Lord David Cecil to plead its cause on a platform. In spite of his youth he commands Chevalier crowds, as was proved by the gathering at Lord Howard de Walden's house when, with Lady Oxford in the chair, he enlarged on "The Art of Cursing."

Although in conversation he has the characteristic Cecil speech—queues of words eager for expression pouring out heedless of time and punctuation—his public speaking is clear and controlled. I heartily agree with him in deploring the oleaginous hypocrisy which cloy public life to-day. A return to hard intellect and courageous hatred would be refreshing as substitute for the "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike" attitude which emasculates modern controversy.

To be in a Night Club and not of it, within reach of two bars and yet not able to test their possibilities—Tantalus himself might have devised, as a subtle revenge for his sufferings, what the thirstier members of *Wonder Bar's* audience have to endure. Nevertheless they undoubtedly enjoyed it on the

opening night, though I heard several earnest inquiries as to the authenticity of the champagne, gin, and other exhilarating liquids for which the players were repeatedly calling.

It was amusing, on arrival, to find no curtain to divide stage from stalls, a jazz band making melody, and the auditorium as much a part of the scene as its more elevated neighbour.



Arthur Owen
AT THE DENVILLE HALL MATINÉE:
LADY ROSEMARY AND LADY MARY
BARING

Lord and Lady Cromer's two daughters, who were helping at the matinee organized by Lady Cromer at the London Hippodrome, in aid of the funds of Denville Hall—that haven of rest for aged members of the theatrical profession. A large number of distinguished actors and actresses gave their services, and a sum of £2,300 was raised

Members of the cast wandered up and down the gangways, but they might well have been members of the audience restlessly inclined, so exceedingly well turned out were the occupants of the stalls. Miss Nancy Beaton had brother Cecil, in vociferous mood, with her. Delysia was wrapped in the sort of chinchilla cloak which makes one's sour-grape eyes pop, and Lily Elsie wore a black velvet frock and looked quite delightful.

Mrs. Evan Morgan (just off to Egypt), Lady Headfort, and Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton, were three more people deserving of mention, and when

we had fought our way into the foyer during the single interval (my dear, quite bruise-making), I envied Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg whose height enabled him to get a little oxygen somewhere near the ceiling.

Unlike most other neighbourhoods Cheshire tries to keep optimistic in spite of all depressions, thereby helping a very hard hit branch of trade which relies on the party spirit. To this end a club was

formed two or three years ago, limited to one hundred members within a certain radius of Tarporley. The first dance of the season took place the other night in the ballroom of that historic building, the Swan Hotel, the scene of many a Tarporley Hunt Club dinner. Records of Presidents dating back for centuries hang on the walls and the vast open fireplace, the hunting coats, and the strains of John Peel completed the old-fashioned atmosphere.

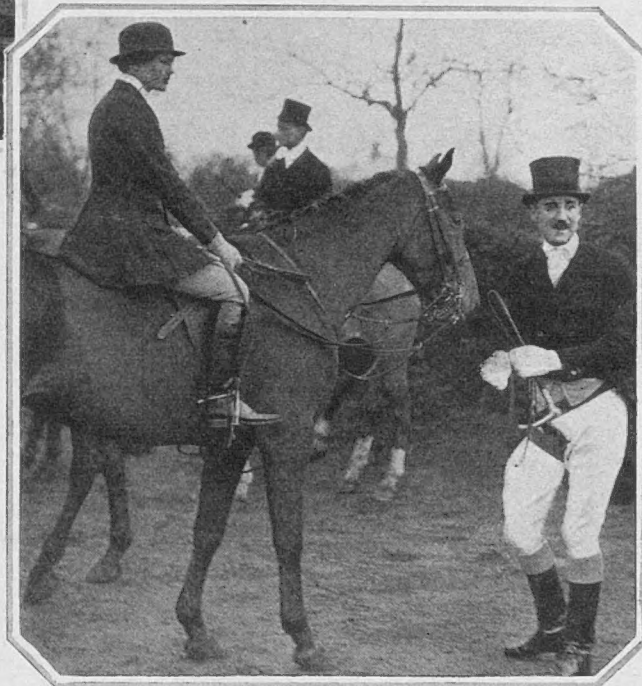
Sir Thomas Brocklebank, one of the promoters of these dances, was there with his sister. Lady Nuttall, a newcomer to this county, was in black and Mrs. Jarmay looked exceedingly well in the same surroundings. Captain and Mrs. Chris. Sparrow had come from Rudheath, a charming old house in which the chief living-room runs practically the whole length of the building on the first floor. Lady Tollemache brought a party from Peckforton Castle; this fastness is a landmark for miles around and the walls of the hall and many of the rooms are of bare red sandstone, very medieval as you may imagine. Lord Tollemache wouldn't come; dancing does not appeal to him, but at croquet he is a desperate opponent. Miss Susan Ramsden-Jodrell and Miss Doreen Greenshields were two successful exhibitors of copper coloured hair which seems to grow particularly well in Cheshire.

(Continued overleaf)



Arthur Owen
LORD AND LADY HARDINGE AT PENSURST

The present Lord Hardinge, who was formerly in the 7th Hussars, succeeded in 1924 on the death of his most popular father, who when he was in the Rifle Brigade, was affectionately known as "Punch." The Dowager Lady Hardinge is now the Marchioness of Abergavenny



WITH THE COTTESMORE: LADY KATHLEEN
ROLLO AND CAPTAIN REGGIE FARQUHAR

No fog for once! A snapshot taken in a lucid interval when the Cottesmore were at Tilton. Generally speaking, November and December have been just about as bad as could be—fog, rain, and no scent. Lady Kathleen Rollo is a sister of the Marquess of Downshire

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Popular opinion peoples this part of England largely with cats and cheeses. In addition to these there are quantities of most agreeable inhabitants, and the county town itself is unique. The old black and white houses, which are built with a covered-in pavement one storey high, are world-famous as the Rows, and no description of their charm is adequate without a first-eye view. Everything in Chester is different from any other city. The racecourse, for instance, is so completely round that none but a short-legged horse ever succeeds in making both ends meet.

Eaton Hall, close by, is the most permanent seat of the Duke of Westminster. When they are there he and the Duchess think of all sorts of ways to amuse their friends, and the ballroom is always ready at foot, if that is the complementary adjective to at hand. It was occupied, in a lesser degree, only the other night. An enormous building, Eaton is divided into the big house, where visitors are housed and entertaining done, and the little one, which solves the ordinary housing problem. A long passage divides the two, and this has been the scene of the most active leap-frogging. On one occasion before the war an illustrious guest leapt with such verve and élan that his hand penetrated the canvas of an Old Master at the end of the passage, reducing its value in record time.

* * *

Question: How may amateur theatricals be made to look professional?

AnsWER: By collecting all the Bromley-Davenports you can lay hands on.

This is what Lady Brownlow did when she planned her good turn for the Grantham Children's Hospital, and the result was exactly like the real thing in spite of being



SIR ALBERT LEVY AND LADY DAWSON OF PENN

Who were also at the Bedford College for Women Dinner in Lincoln's Inn Hall last week. Sir Albert Levy is hon. treasurer of the Royal Free Hospital and governing trustee of the Sir Albert Levy Benevolent Fund. Lady Dawson of Penn is the wife of the famous Physician-in-Ordinary to H.M. the King, Lord Dawson of Penn

called *The Fake*. She was, of course, in a strong position, as Lady Kinloch, her mother, was one of this talented family.

It often happens that "dramateurs" enjoy their own efforts so much more than the audience can be persuaded to do, but during *The Fake's* progress at the local theatre satisfaction was rightly distributed both sides of the footlights. When you think that many of the critics had been hunting all day and then turned out to grope through the fog, their spontaneous enthusiasm could not be mistaken for ordinary politeness. The last-night audience might easily have been transported from a London theatre. Captain and Lady Enid Turnor brought Colonel and Lady Katherine Seymour from Little Ponton, and other local lights included Grantham's member, Sir Victor Warrender, Lady Warrender, Colonel Jeffrey Lockett, who is honorary secretary to the Belvoir Hunt, and Mrs. Lockett.

Half the people one meets seem to be full of plans for going away. I saw Countess Cosmo de Bosdari for a few moments just before she went off to Vienna last week. She had only come on a five-day visit, and she spent most of the time up at Osmaston with her mother and brother, Lady Walker and Sir Ian Walker. Since her daughter was born over here, last July, she and her husband have been at Guetheray, not far from Biarritz.

The Meynell misses both her and her great friend Mrs. Toby Barnes who is as tall and lovely as she is, with hair that is much fairer though a shade less curly. Mrs. Barnes, who has a most



AT BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN DINNER: LADY DE LA WARR AND LORD EBBISHAM

H.R.H. Prince George was present at the festival dinner in aid of the Bedford College for Women which was held in Lincoln's Inn Hall last week. Lady Cynthia Colville, who was Chairman of the Dinner Committee, presided in the unavoidable absence of Lord Crewe. Lord Ebbisham will be better remembered as Sir Roland Blades, London's most popular Lord Mayor of 1926-27

attractive house in Chapel Street, finds that she cannot hunt and house decorate at the same time, so she has reluctantly decided against pursuing Midland foxes this season.

* * *

I also ran into Mrs. Kenneth Milln, who told me that she and her husband, who has had to go out of England the last two or three winters, are off to South Africa for two months at the end of January. Mrs. Milln is blessed with the happiest of dispositions and a talent for doing most things well, including playing the piano and any sort of game. In fact the only fault her friends have to find with her is that she plays bridge rather too well. As good play is usually supplemented by good cards she rarely loses, even at Crockford's where she ranks amongst the first fighters. The Millns have a nice house in Sussex Square, and another up at Filey.

* * *

Talking of nice houses, Fitzroy Square is full of them, Mr. Curtis Moffat's being one of the loveliest, both inside and out. Last week he opened his new gallery there with a show of caricatures by Kapp. Some of them are really amazing. He seems to miss nothing, even in the sketchiest of outlines, and has all his subjects well taped up.

Sir Thomas Beecham in most characteristic pose with coat tail swinging and baton poised horizontally between slim thumb and forefinger; Noel Coward dejectedly dressing-gowned; and Jix mostly consisting of collar; Dean Inge ascetic; and Einstein chiefly cranium and an expression of apology as though deprecating the necessity of causing such a commotion with his theory of relativity. Was it by accident or design, I wonder, that the rugged idealistic Lawrence hung between those two suave polished giants of the law, Lord Reading and Sir John Simon? Perhaps those and the Bernard Shaw are the best things in the show. Greetings and farewell, EVE.

WONDERFUL "WONDER BAR"



MR. CARL BRISSON (HARRY) AND MISS DOROTHY
DICKSON (LIANE)

André Charlot's all-star show at the Savoy jumped into a success from the very first night, and however disgusting and unpleasant things are outside in London, inside this "Bar" all is light, laughter, and merriment. This is a musical play of night-life, and was born in Germany and adapted most successfully to suit an English frame. It was a booming success in Berlin, and its brightness and originality are a passport to triumph here. The play will be fully dealt with in our theatrical pages, and by the inimitable "Tom Titt," in the next issue of this paper

Photographs by Stage Photo Co.



MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH (INEZ) AND MR. JOSEPH GREENWALD
(SAM WONDER)



MISS GWEN FARRAR (JOSEPHINE) AND MR. CARL BRISSON

The Cinema: A Letter and a Protest

By JAMES AGATE

An astonishing letter has arrived from Nyasaland enclosing a leading article from "The Nyasaland Times," headed "Films for Natives." I append an excerpt from this, which needs no comment that I can make. Here is the excerpt:—

"Are we not presumptuous in taking it for granted that the native of necessity admires, envies or desires to emulate the inanities and insanities of the white races as depicted on the screen? Recently we have read with interest an article on the kinema in India. It would seem that when first the silent screen began to become part and parcel of the daily lives of the Indians, they had, perforce, to witness the choice products of the American director. But the novelty soon wore off and a kinema slump followed. Proprietors of picture houses had to do something about it, and to-day, if the writer of the article is to be believed, the majority of films shown in India are also produced there. Mostly they depict the lives and adventures of the gods and goddesses of mythology. The productions are poor, and the art and acting of the crudest, so it is said, but at least these pictures make a patriotic appeal and tell stories that can be followed and appreciated by the humblest and most illiterate.

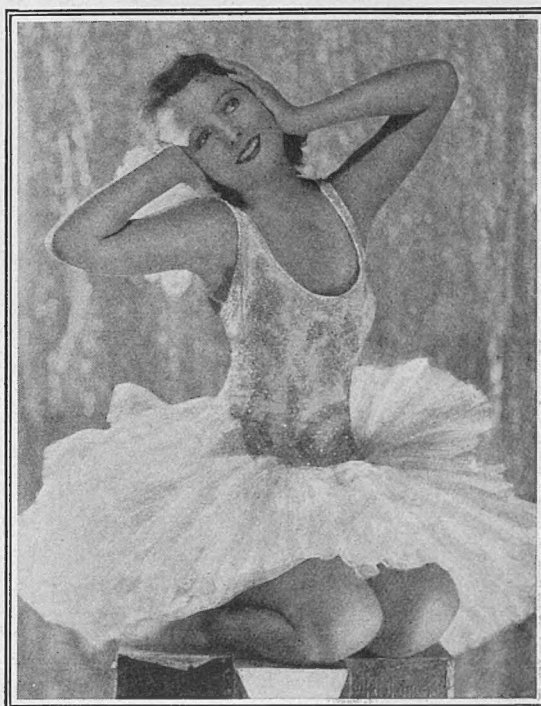
"In Johannesburg, some years ago, a novel experiment was made, and ever since there is given once a week in every mine native compound a gratis kinema show. The South African Board of Film Censors is extremely strict in regard to the class of picture that may be exhibited to a native audience. But it was not always so, and in the early days, when the choice of films was limited, a certain proportion of "society dramas" was shown. But here is the whole crux of the matter. No law was required to veto them. The native himself was the censor. To-day, a nature, interest or scenic film; a trick or Felix cartoon; a cowboy picture with plenty of action (Tom Mix is the hero of every native audience); a knock-about comedy; these will hold them enthralled. But they will have none of the "Love's Downfall" stuff; at once they become bored with these incomprehensible antics of the white people. . . .

"Admittedly a few pictures are banned every year which are guilty of lèse-majesté or some gross offence, but nothing is done to protect us from the mighty influx of puerile and vulgarly gorgeous Hollywood feature films, which the American critic, H. L. Mencken, declares with the fullest justification, depend for climax interest on "Frustrated Assaults in impossible Boudoirs." And now, as though we have not yet "supped full of horrors," we are to have the Hollywood accent as well. Dr. James Devon, a Scottish prisons' doctor, has just told the Licensing Commission that the prisons to-day are not filled with drunkards, but with teetotallers, young people who get drunk on the "pictures." "And a rotten bad lot they are," he adds. The cinematograph producer says the public get "the films they want," the cynic says they get "the films they deserve." That is as it may be, but to us it seems extremely doubtful whether films intended for native consumption are nearly as much in need of censoring as those intended for civilised Europeans."

Now for another matter—the vexed question of the Sunday opening of cinemas. Let me say straight out that in some ways I am a complete rebel alike from Torydom and the wilder excesses of Democracy. Provided a man does no harm to his

neighbour I can see no reason why his fellow-creatures who, we have the highest authority for saying, are not his keepers, should take upon themselves to say what he shall or shall not do. There are only two classes of people who can be hurt by the Sunday opening of cinemas—those who work in them and the children who are having their tender minds blasted by the programmes provided in these places of entertainment. I do not think the second point is very important, for the reason that if the child's years are really tender it is the duty of the parent and not the Government to look after him or her, and in any case the infant will get his or her mind blasted on the Monday following. As for the argument that the young people of both sexes will be prevented from going to Church by the opening of the cinemas, I have merely to say that this is complete rot. You might just as well say that the present week-day opening of cinemas prevents young people from going to night-schools.

Crudely, it boils down to this—that those people who are naturally serious-minded will remain serious-minded and those who are frivolously inclined will continue to be frivolous, and in my view will conduct their frivolling more decently in a well-regulated cinema than in the doorways of our wet and ill-lighted streets. Legislators who insist upon our observing some musty Act of Parliament which has been honoured in the breach some two hundred years should be compelled to spend twelve successive damp Sunday evenings in Walsall, Ashton-under-Lyne, and even Clacton. I love my Clacton dearly, but I say frankly that I know no greater incitement to the more hideous forms of vice than to spend the evening hours between six and eleven gazing upon those desolate sands with one's back to nowhere. As for the workers in cinemas they are already protected by the law. I hold no particular brief for Sunday cinema-goers any more than I do for Sunday concert-goers. But I do hold, with all the violence of which a moderate man may be capable, that everybody should be allowed to do on Sunday that which he may properly do upon week-days. Nor would I countenance any nonsense in the matter of local prohibition. That half the inhabitants of Clacton do not want Sunday-opening should not be allowed to interfere with the liberty of the other



MISS DOROTHY JORDAN

A recent pose for the camera by the very youthful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, who is making rapid strides in the right direction. She is one of the daintiest of the new recruits to the movies

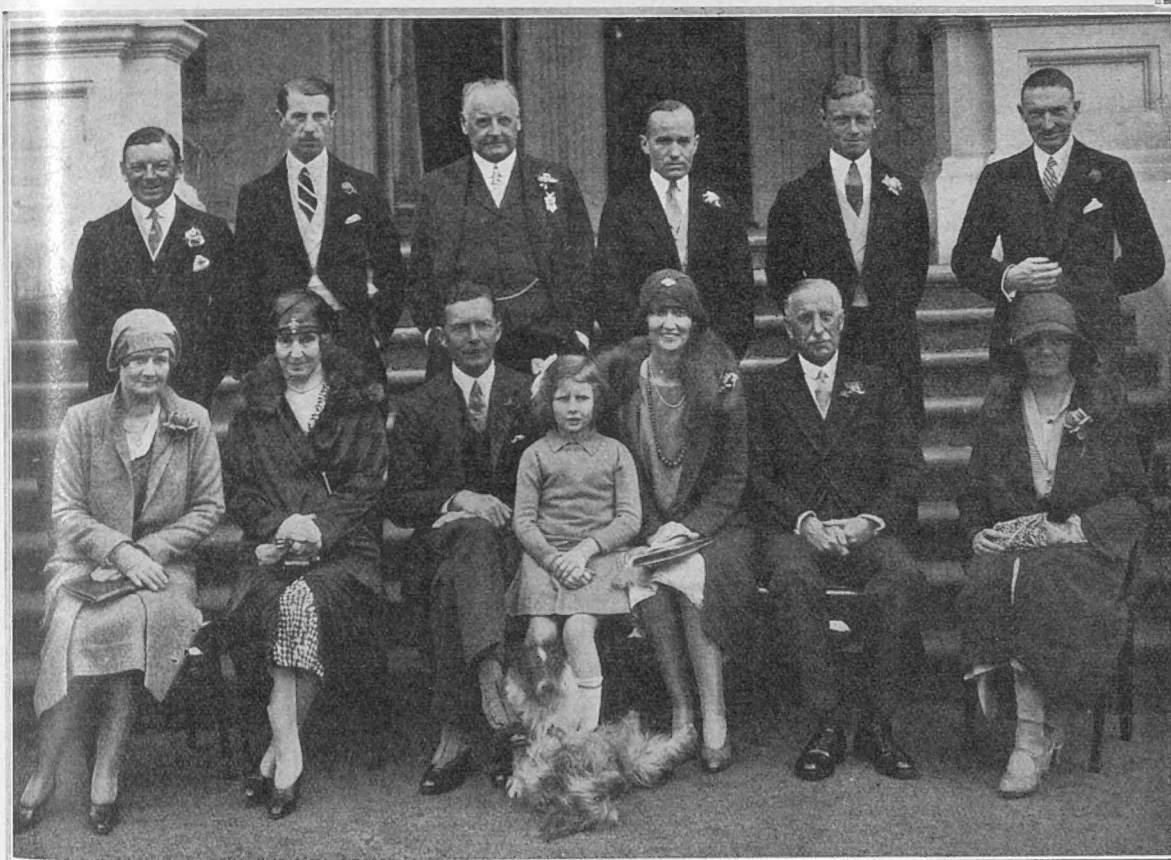
half; if not enough people want Sunday cinemas, the cinemas will not be opened on Sundays. Now what remedies have we against bigotry both legal and local? I think only one, presuming always that the law against Sunday opening should be persisted in. I hear that some of the cinema-managers are going to open on Sundays in defiance of the law. That way defeat lies. My view is that all the cinema-managers should *unite in closing all their cinemas on every day of the week*, so that there should not be a film to be seen throughout the length and breadth of these islands, and that they should remain closed until an undertaking is given to them enabling them to open at whatever hours seem good to them—always, since I believe in compromise whenever possible, with the exception of Sunday morning. I do not know how long any government of any shade of opinion could last in the face of such a happening, because I do not know how long it takes a government to fall. This method of protest has the advantage of being entirely peaceful, for I can find no law even going back as far as Domesday Book, which forces a man to open a place of entertainment if he doesn't want to! More seriously, I believe that the cinemas are a deterrent to mischief for the simple reason that they give young people something to think about. Nor do I see any reason why such young people should not hold hands while they are doing their thinking, unless, of course, some other law can be unearthed forbidding that honourable practice.

The good picture on the right was taken when the Cottesmore field moved off from Tilton village. The Master, Mr. James Baird, is seen in front with Mrs. Lawrence Kimball (centre) and Miss Molly Gretton. The latter is the younger daughter of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Gretton of Stapleford Park. Mrs. Kimball, who bought Barleythorpe from Lord Lonsdale two years ago, was Miss Joan Ratcliffe before her marriage in 1927. Her husband is an American and, like herself, very popular



THE COTTESMORE ON THE MOVE

CAUSERIE DE CAMERA



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MELBOURNE: In front—Mrs. R. McDonald, Lady Hore-Ruthven, Lord Somers (Acting Governor-General), the Hon. Elizabeth Cocks, Lady Somers, Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, Miss Crowdy; at back—Lieut.-Commander Gifford, Captain Spier, Lord Beauchamp, Mr. Robertson-Aikman, Flight-Lieutenant Denney, and Captain R. McDonald

Adamson



IN SUSSEX: LADY LECONFIELD AND MISS ELIZABETH WYNDHAM

Lord and Lady Leconfield's adopted daughter Elizabeth is a very lucky little girl, for she has a pony to ride and is allowed to hunt with Lord Leconfield's Hounds when they meet near Petworth, which was the case when this snapshot was taken. Lord Somers (on the left) is Acting Governor-General of the Commonwealth pending the appointment of Lord Stonehaven's successor. Brig-General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hore-Ruthven, Lord Ruthven's brother, was appointed Governor of South Australia in 1925

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From Leicestershire

The whole of Leicestershire, like the state of Denmark, is rotten with the continuous wet of the last month. Heavy fogs rise from the sodden sour fields killing any chance of scent, and what is wanted is a week's frost to clear things up. The Quorn were stopped by fog at Keyham on Friday, and the Cottesmore looked like sharing the same fate from Somerby on the Saturday. Things however improved sufficiently for hounds to hunt quite well over the mole-hills, morasses, and moraines of Burrough Hill, The Punchbowl, and Little Dalby. In the afternoon they at one time looked like running really well from Berry's Gorse, but a blue haze so deleterious to scent put a stop to the proceedings. This was probably started by Charley's wealth of Rabelaisian patter and anecdote as he climbed the tree in search of a suspected fox. The haze became a Prussian-blue fog when our one and only Lexie was jumped on while in an unaccustomed inverted position. Luckily she is as hard as nails and no harm was done, while the lameness of the aggressor's horse next morning was attributed to having struck a boulder.

Monday, for about the fourth time in succession, was cold, miserable, and of course scentless. Eileen's fox was on tap, but he smelt no more than a last year's rose, and nothing could be done with him. The scurry and panic through the small gates round the spinneys was nearly responsible for the loss of Kathleen of Somerby, who as near as nothing got overlaid, horse and all, by a perfect mastodon. A very creditable hunt in the afternoon from Ragdaile, through every covert within a three-mile radius without giving the Cheshires much chance to enjoy themselves. Our condolences with Sir Gerald on his bad fall, which has laid him up.

From the Belvoir

The Belvoir woods were full of foxes on Wednesday and the vale coverts should have benefited by the russet streams which fled thereto. It was a most pains-taking performance to hunt a fox right through Harby Hills, Clawson Thorns, Holwell Mouth, and back to Clawson Thorns even if from the riding point of view it was not a thrill. The succession of shouts, whistles, and cat-calls like a badly tuned-in wireless set heard at one period of the chase was only a lady member encouraging the hounds. Whatever Patterson may do Carter did no removals with his large chestnut horse.

Saturday was nothing short of a tragedy. There must be plenty of foxes about but they were not to be found in any covert, and the survivors of the field who went on to Shipman's at 3.30 looked about as cheerful as a party of gangsters going to "the chair" as a quarter of an hour went by without finding. Just as hope was dead a hat and a whistle signalled him away, and the ensuing five minutes over the point-to-point course just put everyone right with himself. This must surely have been the worst scenting month on record, and George and his hounds deserve the highest praise for what sport they've shown under the circumstances.

From the Beaufort

The hockey match last Sunday at Down Farm afforded a lot of amusement for the large crowd of spectators, when Beaufortshire played the V.W.H., who defeated us with the aid of their professionals! We think Phyllis should take a note how

to turn out her team; crêpe de chine, and ropes of pearls as worn by the Lady from Malmesbury way, are hardly suitable! Weather conditions have been all against us again this week. Monday was practically a scentless day, and we were lucky to kill one. Tuesday; Knockdown brought the usual large field (gradually increasing each week). Master unfortunately had a very moderate scent to contend with. There were a lot of foxes afoot at Silkwood, and a slow hunt to Saddlewood followed before the fox got to ground. At Rough Grounds hounds chopped one, and then from Maurice's sporting little covert, hounds ran nicely over his well-fenced farm, but unluckily "Reynard" got into a hole before going very far. The rest of the day was spent in the Easton Gray—Westonbirt area. Friday, at Littleton, very few turned out, but those who did were rewarded with two little gallops in spite of the dense fog. Saturday at Alderton was cursed with an even denser fog, and for those who were lucky and had good hearing (good eyesight no advantage!) followed Tom's horn and the cry of the hounds. There was a

real good scent, and hounds ran well from Widleys Hill and lost their fox between Knockdown and Leighterton. There were groups of unhappy lost people all over the country, and some never saw hounds again. At about 1 o'clock Master decided that home was the only solution, and I believe he returned with most of his hounds, except the sad mishap to one which (rumour had it) was bowled over and killed on the road. The party season is now about to begin and the "Social Shy Spinsters" are starting the ball rolling on the 19th with a dance at Upton.

From Warwickshire

The meet on Monday was advertised for the Kennels; though some preferred to go to the "Oaks." After a disappointing morning Kineton Coverts gave us a gallop through Jos' garden—Brookhampton—to Combroke. And in the evening a Bishop's Gorse fox was brought to hand at Compton Verney.

The bitches are hunting in rare form, having killed every day they have been out. Sport improved during the week. A capital fifty minutes from Barcheston Spinney over St. Denis to Penn Wood, where Reynard turned, sinking the vale as if for Spencer's Gorse, bore right-handed across the main road through Jenny Swift and was marked to ground at Brailes Clump.

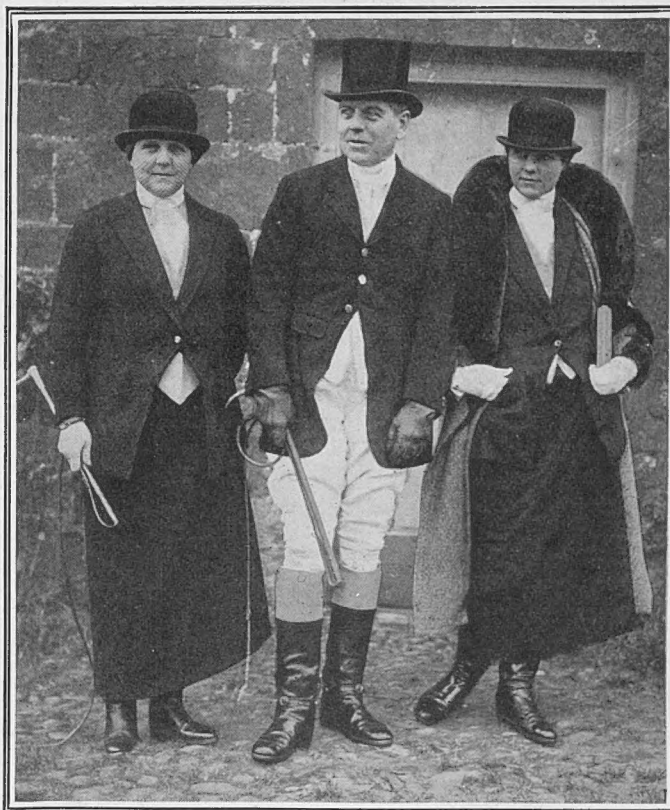
On Thursday, the Shuckburgh Hill fox took hounds towards Haycock's Gorse and back—a short hunt, but the gallant soldiers apparently found the falling to their liking. At Sawbridge hounds found again, running real fast through Willoughby Osiers and then on to Bunker's Hill—a most enjoyable thirty minutes with a glut of jumping—Frizz and the Pytchley lady the only new members of the River Larn Jumping Association.

Quoting from our financial correspondent: "In a quiet market, whose tone was generally dull, 'Refusers' were on offer, and 'Language' alone was strong"—(or so the pretty lady reported).

From the Fernie

A flooded country met us on Monday at Arnesby, and consequently the going was extra deep. A representative field had collected near the Windmill, and amongst the interested spectators in cars were noticed the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden. As hounds moved off the horse of Sulby fils did

(Continued on p. xvi)



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT STRAWBRIDGE AND
MRS. THEODORE P. GROSVENOR

With the Cottesmore at Tilton last week. Mr. Robert E. Strawbridge is a very famous figure in the polo and hunting worlds of two countries—his own (America) and ours. He was Master of the Cottesmore from 1913 to 1915. Mrs. Grosvenor is Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge's daughter

THE WESTMINSTER OVERSEERS' SOCIETY'S 217TH ANNUAL DINNER



A DISTINGUISHED GALLERY—BY FRED MAY

The Past Overseers' Society of St. Margaret and St. John, Westminster, to accord this ancient corporation its full title, held its 217th annual banquet at the Savoy, Councillor J. F. C. Bennett, J.P., Mayor of the City of Westminster, being in the chair. The Society is the connecting link with the introduction of tobacco and smoking into England, and its silver and oak relics of those earlier times are both interesting and most valuable. During these annual dinners every member and guest is presented with a "yard of clay"—a churchwarden pipe and some tobacco which he (or she) is expected to smoke—and many do with complete sangroid. At the dinner the celebrated Westminster Tobacco Box is handed over to the care of the "custodians" of the year. This year Sir Edward Knapp-Fisher and Sir John Sykes, K.C.B., are responsible for its safety



MR. DONALD AND LADY IDINA
HALDEMAN

A snapshot taken at their country house, Haughton Manor, the day after their marriage. Lady Idina Haldeman is a sister of Lord De la Warr

exquisite Italian campanile; on the left, occasional minarets tower above the wooded dells. It is all perfectly lovely. And so peaceful. Even remote. Is it Arcadia? Is it Heaven? No; it represents the view over Green Park from some newly-erected mansion-flats in Piccadilly! That made me laugh. It also made me wonder. Do the agents, I asked myself, see the view across Green Park like that? Do the people who, like myself, are never quick enough to secure any flat from, but have to make a staggering selection amongst the expensive to's—do these people see such a view if they pay something approaching a thousand a year for a few rooms? And do they take such flats with the blinds drawn? Or does a thousand-a-year rental lend beauty and atmosphere to even a vista of brick walls and chimney-pots? It is all very puzzling, but I quite see the idea. That is the kind of view a thousand-a-year flat should have. That is how the agent sees it when he is taking round a possible client. And it all reminded me rather of the new memoir to the late "Ronald Firbank" (Duckworth. 8s. 6d.), to which, among others, Lord Berners, Augustus John, V. B. Holland, and Osbert Sitwell have contributed. In their eyes—a somewhat enforced perspective it appeared occasionally—the wish to paint the late Ronald Firbank as a genius fathered their thought like an over-conscientious nursemaid. They did so strive to make the best they could of their subject, and it was not their fault that they achieved only quite an interesting and sometimes amusing article, of which the genius of the subject didn't really matter much at all. I have read all Mr. Firbank's somewhat affected and precious little stories, and if he was indeed a genius then it is literally true, as so many reviewers proclaim, that the writing world is peppered with men of genius, and master-pieces appear every year as crowded as currants in a Christmas pudding. "Prancing Nigger," "Valmouth," "Caprice," and Firbank's other novels, were all rather beautifully written in an embroidery kind of way; amusing, too, in the Noel Coward undergraduate-cum-debutante kind of humour; shallow, and difficult to remember half-an-hour

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Things Should Be
What We Wish
Them to Be.

PROPPED up before me is a picture. Not an imaginary picture. It is a picture done in crayon, presumably of an actual scene. In the foreground is a lovely wooded valley with foot-paths losing themselves among sylvan glades. In the far distance is a range of mountains competing with the Alps. On the right, striking up high above the tree-tops is evidently some

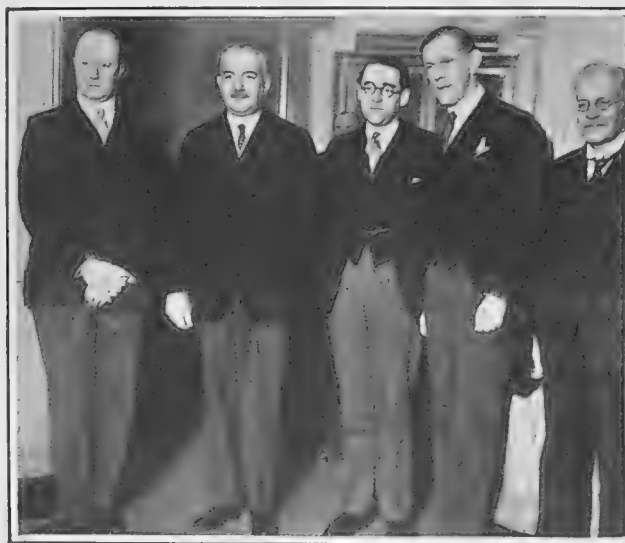
after you had read them. As a matter of fact, very few people did read them when they were first published (a sure sign of genius according to literary coteries), and I don't suppose many people read them now (the final judgment on a master-piece, according to the same authority). There remains Ronald Firbank himself—far more interesting than any of his books if you are interested in pathology. Rich, eccentric, full of affectations so pronounced that you half believe they must be natural; an addict to drugs and other strange failings, he died at an early age—a pictorial loss to the Café Royal at least. Among the personal reminiscences of this quaint creature, that by Osbert Sitwell is the most critical, yet intimate. The others appear to be doing their best—grateful, as it seemed to me, not so much for the "genius" of Firbank as for the perennial interest and amusement his appearance and behaviour afforded them. That he came from hard-headed, commercially-minded stock makes his life and character the greater oddity. And even if he were no genius, he at any rate acted the part to perfection. It is difficult to believe that such eccentricity can present only a playful talent. Nevertheless, long hair and a highwayman's cloak (worn in the proper places), have made many a minor poet and inferior artist a claimant to at least restaurant fame. This memoir, written for the greater part by Ifan Kyrle Fletcher may, however, send a larger public in search of those slight novels written by Ronald Firbank. They are quite worth reading, chiefly because whatever they may or may not be, they are certainly not banal. And to avoid that is perhaps something of genius, especially in these days when superlatives are hurled around at the least achievement above mediocrity.

Nearer to Real Genius, However.

It is interesting to wonder, after reading both "The Memoir of Ronald Firbank" and "The Letters From Abroad of James Elroy Flecker" (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), what the former might have achieved had he been born a poor man, and what the other might have written had wide success been other than posthumous, and the deadly battle to make two financial ends meet been not so relentless, nor so acute? Firbank without his money to buy drugs and champagne might have lived longer and done better; Flecker relieved from the burden of financial anxiety might also have lived longer, and in his greater freedom from care have achieved still bigger work. It is pitiful to read of this great modern poet's struggle against ill-health and financial anxiety. These interesting letters reveal the man himself in vivid fashion. They also tell briefly the last years of his life. Naturally the gist of most of these letters is about his work; its success, its failure, his future plans. Exiled abroad, the

Fleckers, apart from each other, lived a very lonely life. Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens; handicapped by poverty—or rather by too small an income to live the kind of life he wanted—haunted by illness, these letters reveal vividly an ardent spirit tied by the fetters of circumstance. Groups of these letters are linked together by short biographical notes written by Mrs. Flecker; the last sad link of all, describing her husband's lingering illness and death I defy anyone to read unmoved. I suppose to the general public Flecker is known best by his beautiful and poetical play, *Hassan*, which had such a success at His Majesty's a few years ago. It was part of the tragedy which dogged the poet's path that it was not until his death that his work became widely known and successful. One must feel grateful, therefore, for the publication of these letters, which are deeply interesting, not only as letters but as the self-revelation of a fine poet and a very interesting personality

(Continued on p. 521)



AT THE FOREIGN PRESS ASSOCIATION LUNCHEON
H.E. Baron K. von Neurath, the German Ambassador to London, was the guest of honour at the Foreign Press Association luncheon at the Savoy last week. In this group, left to right, are: Count Bernstorff, Baron K. von Neurath, Prince Bismarck, and the President, Mr. E. Swenne

“BY ANY OTHER NAME . . . !”

By George Belcher



“Don’t talk to me about Mrs. Smith. She makes me sick with ‘er ‘Mine’s a this’ and ‘I prefer a that.’ Beer’s beer, except when it’s stout, and ‘oo wants ter swaller the label, I asks yer?”

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

A Most Unusual Story.

It is not often that one has the joy to read a novel which in conception is unlike almost any other novel one has ever read; a story which is dramatic in a quiet, life-like way; pathetic, too, and subtle as a serpent is supposed to be subtle. The novel is "Eva" (Gollancz. 6s.), and it is Viola Gerard Garvin's excellent translation of Jacques Chardonne's famous story. Of actual plot, that is of movement, there is scarcely anything at all. Rather the story consists of occasional notes made by a husband who has become so subdued, yet remains still blindly infatuated by his wife, that it is as if, apart from her, he had no personal existence, no individuality of his own. It is the portrait of this woman as it is revealed in these notes which haunts the reader's imagination. Through the writer's blind infatuation we realize that his wife did not love him; never has loved him. He does not see it, however, but we can; and because she does not love him she seeks to dominate him, punishing him in a subtle way for the passion which resentfully she knows she does not possess. Quietly, yet relentlessly, she separates him from his friends. Equally quietly, yet equally firmly, she wrecks his work as a writer. That peaceful life which he yearned for she will never accord. In his love for her, he imagines that he is only making her happy. He does not realize that of set purpose she is breaking him on the wheel of her indifference. The story is finely told. It is original, sometimes witty, often wise. But its fascination is the eerie quality of the hero's self-deception and how his love for his wife blinded him to the fact that gradually, yet surely, she was ruining his life to leave him lonely and alone when, meeting a man who becomes her lover, she leaves him as callously as if he were some cast-off glove.

Some Books for Christmas Presents.

No one has any money these days. It is considered rather *chic* to be absolutely stony or thereabouts—always providing that you can still lunch at the Savoy Grill. However, the really poor find the subject so painful that they don't talk about it. Anyway, stony or not stony, a certain number of Christmas presents have to be hurled about the country. Which always surprises me why more people do not give books. Books are always a pleasure, not only to those who receive them but, peradventure, to those who borrow them later and forget to return them. An endless chain of enjoyment. Besides, books are always so decorative. A room without books is like a woman with an insipid expression. And although I believe that this season has been an arid patch for publishers by reason of the *chic*-ness above referred to, it hasn't prevented them from publishing any number of beautiful and interesting volumes. Take Messrs. William Jackson's new edition of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" (10s. 6d.). You may not, perhaps, consider that Mr. John Austen, who illustrates it, has reflected your own

idea of an Elizabethan comedy, but there is no denying the charm and originality of his decorations. This edition, too, is made the more delightful because the text is interspersed with stage directions—a valuable edition. Then, especially for hunting people and for people living in and loving the country, there is "Forrard-On" (Country Life. 21s.), hunting scenes and topics vividly described in verse by "Rancher" and illustrated superbly by Lionel Edwards. "Roads and Vagabonds" (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.) will appeal to a less specialized public. It is a delightful story by Kenneth Hare, or rather a series of stories illustrating some aspect of the old highways when vagabonds and highwaymen haunted them; the whole volume illustrated by Cecil Aldin—and no

book of this kind could ever have a finer illustrator, especially when, as is the case of "Roads and Vagabonds," Mr. Aldin is at his very best and thus almost without a rival. "The Savoy Cocktail Book" (Constable. 7s. 6d.), compiled by the famous Harry Craddock of the Savoy Hotel, is likely to stem the suggested flood of sherry in the place of cocktails better than anything else. If the literature of cocktails can have a classic this book will certainly become one. For children, too, there is a wonderful selection of books this year. For instance, "Red Magic; A Collection of the World's Best Fairy Tales" (Cape. 7s. 6d.), arranged by Romer Wilson; and "The Children's Cargo" (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6s.), edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith; and "Old-Time Fairy Tales and Nursery Rhymes" (Raphael Tuck. 3s. 6d.) and "The Moon on My Left" (Gollancz. 6s.), by Caryl Brahms, delightfully illustrated by Anna Zinkeisen. Space forbids me from going further into other delightful children's books published this year, but for those who are real dog-lovers a whole new library of enchanting volumes has recently been issued. Mazo de la Roche's "Portrait of a Dog" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) and "The Diary of a Dog" (Cecil Palmer. 5s.) by "Tatters," a percentage of whose profits will be devoted by the authoress to Animal Welfare Societies. And



LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH

By Autori

The best impression of a great personality that has ever been produced. Lady Oxford has rarely had a delineator who has better caught the very spirit of her than has "Autori" in this supremely clever caricature

yet another, "Dogs I Have Loved" (Tail-Wagger's Club), by D. Ward Florence. After all, the joy of a Christmas present consists in its appeal to some special interest in the heart rather than the mind—if you know what I mean—of the recipient. Yet the books mentioned above are only, as it were, the first skimming of the wonderful array of volumes suitable for Christmas presents.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.

QUELQUES SHOWS À VOIR !



Stage Photo Co.
MR. W. H. BERRY
AND MISS HEATHER
THATCHER IN "OH,
DADDY"

Mr. Berry's return to the heart of London, a spot of which he enjoys a permanent lease, in a play worthy of his great gifts as a comedian, is a joy to everyone. As Tyldesley Pye in "Oh, Daddy," at the Princes Theatre, he gets the chance he needs. Tyldesley is one of those people who, whilst living blameless lives in the country, fly off the handle the moment they come to town. In the picture he is seen doing a bit of flying with Ninon de Lys (Miss Heather Thatcher), a lovely cabaret dancer. Pretty Miss Irene Russell is a big success in "Follow a Star," at the Winter Garden Theatre, and as is well known has a great talent for clever impersonations



Mabel Robey
MISS IRENE RUSSELL IN "FOLLOW A STAR"



Stage Photo Co.
FRAÜLEIN ILSE BOIS AT THE LONDON COLISEUM

A most attractive young German artiste who made her first bow to London last week and scored an immediate success with her clever burlesques of stage types, including one of a trapeze performer of uncertain skill

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Twenty-seven Years.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago to-day (the 17th) the Wright Brothers made their first flight in a power-driven heavier-than-air craft. It was a controlled flight which was the one vital respect in which it differed, according to most authorities, from the previous flight by Clement Ader. It is generally conceded that Ader flew before the Wright Brothers but that his aircraft was not under control when it was in the air so that the credit for the "first power flight" goes justifiably to the Wrights. The pre-War development of aviation was mainly the work of the French. During the War there was a falling-off in development, contrary to the prevailing idea, and progress in aircraft performance in all except, perhaps, climb was noticeably retarded. I pointed this out some years ago in a small book I wrote, and the other day I was glad to see that Mr. Fairey shared my views. The War was not a period of rapid aeronautical development; it was, on the contrary, a period almost of aeronautical stagnation. But since the War the pace of progress has been astonishing. Increase in speed is perhaps the most spectacular branch of development. Light aeroplanes to-day are flying at the speeds of the single-seater aircraft used for fighting in the War. Single-seater aircraft are flying at more than 200 m.p.h. and record-breakers are flying at more than 350 m.p.h. With this progress as ammunition it is surprising that those who believe in aviation are not more militant. They do not press the claims of aviation strongly and persistently enough; they permit any person whose lunch has disagreed with him to launch attacks upon flying without themselves launching attacks upon other antiquated forms of transport. The truth is that the motor-car and the aeroplane are the two transport vehicles of the future. Trains and ships do very well as substitutes, while roads and air-lines are being improved and extended: but when once these improvements and extensions have been carried far enough the proper place for trains and ships will be the museums. The fact that people have built lines and stations and ports for

trains and ships will not prevent the aircraft from ousting them in the future. The through travel afforded by the aircraft alone (as Prince George pointed out when he opened the Radlett Aerodrome) is fundamentally so much superior to the piece-meal travel afforded by boat and train that it must prevail and the aircraft will eventually do all the long distances and the motor-car all the terminal work.



No. 41 FIGHTER SQUADRON R.A.F.

The C.O. Squadron-Leader P. Huskinson, M.C., and his officers taken recently at the aerodrome, Northolt. The names, left to right, are: Back row—Pilot Officer E. H. Bellairs, Flying Officer R. A. R. Robinson, Flying Officer G. E. Sampson, Flying Officer T. J. Arbutnot, Flying Officer H. W. Wilson, Flying Officer T. Gadd, Pilot Officer D. A. Messiter; front row—Flight Lieutenant A. Leach, M.C., Flight Lieutenant A. C. Sanderson, D.F.C., Squadron-Leader P. Huskinson, M.C. (Commanding Officer), Flight Lieutenant F. E. Bond, Flying Officer T. N. McEvoy

Dassano

Air Diaries.

I was reminded of the date of the Wright Brothers' first flight, as of many other aeronautical events, by the "Aeronautical Diary," published by Gale and Polden, and edited, I believe, by Squadron-Leader Bürge. Ten per cent. of the cost of all copies of this diary that are sold go to the Royal Aeronautical Society Endowment Fund, so that apart from the value of the thing in itself those who buy it are supporting a good cause. Those who wish to keep in touch with air events which are now bewilderingly numerous *must* have one of these diaries. Valuable details of the aerodromes available for private aircraft in this country with the magnetic variation at each are given,

besides the usual tables about rods, poles, and perches without which no self-respecting diary seems to make its appearance. One date which the diary for 1931 has not put down however is that of the 1931 Schneider Trophy Race. Until a few days ago it seemed unlikely that there would be a race, or if there were, it seemed probable that it would be held out of this country and without a British entry. But now, as I write, reports are coming in from Paris to say that the Royal Aero Club's views about the entrance deposits have been upheld by the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale, and that France and Italy are giving guarantees of the required amount of about £1,600 per entry. This means that there will probably be another race in British waters in 1931, and that Britain will defend the trophy with the 1929 seaplanes tuned up to give them a few more miles an hour. Whether these aircraft will be sufficiently fast to beat the best that France and Italy can bring against them is a matter of some doubt. But almost certainly they will be able to put up a

(Continued on p. xiv)



THE SURREY GLIDING CLUB AT CHILWORTH

R. King & Co.

Some members of this progressive club with their glider in the background. Gliding is by no means a summer pastime only, and the many clubs that have been formed are almost as active at this time of year as they are in the balmy months. Incidentally, there are fifty-nine glider clubs in England



FALSE-SET-O!!!

By Hynes

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

"For Auld Lang Syne"

One of the famous WHITE HORSE Sampler Christmas Cases, containing two or three bottles of Real Old Scotch in novel decorated featherweight containers. No extra charge is made for this packing.

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LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

Bertram Park, Dover Street

Many people possess pretty faces, but few of them photograph as well as that belonging to Lady Louis Mountbatten. She must be an extraordinarily satisfactory sitter, for the camera can focus on her without fear or favour, well knowing that the result will be most pleasant. Much travelled, well-read, very good company, and always beautifully dressed, Lady Louis is an outstanding personality in the smart world of to-day. Her interests reach out beyond the doings of her own particular set, bringing her into friendly touch with people whose claims to fame are widely diverse, and she is a moving spirit in many charitable enterprises. Lady Louis is Vice-Chairman of Charlot's Midnight Cabaret Ball, to be held on January 20 at the Hyde Park Hotel, and she is already working for the success of this concern, which is in aid of Russian invalids, children, and disabled who have taken shelter in Great Britain.

PRISCILLA IN PARIS



HOW BALLETS ARE TRAINED AT HOLLYWOOD

They do not do this sort of thing either at Brighton or Broadstairs even in a heat-wave, but on the sandy shore of the Pacific at the cinema capital of the world, it is by no means an uncommon sight to see a ballet putting in a bit of strenuous work like this

TRÈS CHER.—You who know everything . . . do you know that Maurice-the-Darling was once nearly an acrobat? It is M. Legrand-Chabrier who tells the tale and Legrand-Chabrier is the George Jean Nathan plus Agate, plus Sir Topaze, of the Paris music-hall stage and circus ring; what *he* says is "s'treuth"! It was years and years ago, even before *the* War! For the large sum of twenty-five francs a year Maurice and his brother, Paul, rented a plot of ground in the suburbs, and digging it over and over in order to "fall soft," made it into a practice ring which they used in their spare time. Unfortunately—or fortunately, to fair devotees of to-day—Maurice came to grief almost at once. He broke his leg just above the ankle, and mama Chevalier, properly alarmed, saw to it that, when he was cured, the acrobatics were not resumed. Maurice, who has always been—and is still—the most dutiful of sons, bowed to the ukase, but till quite recently he has often regretted the "ring." I rather hope that some day, in a film, he will remember those early days and turn them into a "picture."

I think I told you only last week how greatly we love "the circus" in Paris. This truth was brought home to me more strongly than ever on Tuesday evening when, bidden to the cirque Médrano in order to witness Barquette's début in the ring, I arrived to find the *Tout Paris des Premières* crowding into the red and pink building that is half way "up the hill" (Montmartre understood). Jean Cocteau, Bernard Zimmer, André de Fouquières, Maurice Verne, Damia, Catherine Hessling, Régis Gignoux, Barrère, Renée Varville, Pierre Plessis, "Ed" Beaudu, Legrand Chabrier, above named, and other brilliant members of the happy clan of People-who-Do-Things!

Barquette—whom you saw at the Olympia Circus in London—is well loved in Paris. We find him exquisite and never tire of seeing him. How he manages to be the marvellous acrobat (slack wire and trapeze) that he is without coarsening his muscles is simply miraculous. He ever remains the living double of our regretted little Gaby

Deslys; the same long, slim limbs and perfect skin, the delicate narrow hands and feet, the same half-open yet pouting mouth and slightly bewildered blue-grey eyes. . . . As always, his frocks are gorgeous. When he appeared at the top of the black velvet covered stairs that were wheeled to the entrance of the ring, his pale blonde wig surmounted by a coiffure such as Mistinguett might dream of, and he descended slowly to the arena dragging behind him a train of white ostrich feathers quite five yards long, he was greeted by the audience with the enthusiasm that is inspired by real affection as well as admiration. One feels so grateful to him for remaining perfectly and in every detail as one expects him to be and wishes him to remain. I loathe the usual androgynous female impersonator of the music-hall stage, but Barquette is different and unique, for while he is wearing his lovely fripperies he really is, to all appearances, a beautiful captivating girl and indeed when he is on the stage I find myself recapturing the same feeling of thrilled, innocent admiration that, in my flapperhood, caused me (foolishly) to waste my pocket-money on picture postcards of "the Dare girls" and "Polly" Chase.



"SPI" FOR LONDON

Lenore

It will not be Spinelly's first visit to London Town when she comes here very shortly, but this time it is on a holiday pure and simple. It is said that "Spi" has to keep a tame detective in her house permanently to watch over her numerous bejewelled gowns

Très Cher . . . you have heard of Oyster Bars and American Bars and Public Bars (to say nothing of Harbour Bars and Bars social and otherwise) but have you ever imagined a "Cheese Bar"? There is a famous cheese speciality shop in the rue St. Lazare (close to the railway terminus of that name) and there, accompanied (or not) by whatever liquid you choose to name, you may sample any of the 119 different kinds of cheese they stock! French cheese, British cheese, Swiss, Dutch, Russian and German cheese, cheeses of all hues, shapes, flavours AND odours . . . they are innumerable! Go there, select your stool and your drink and order a "mixed platter," you will be amazed and, if you are a cheese gourmet, delighted. The place is as crowded as a free-lunch counter during the rush lunch hour and even mothers take their children there for the mid-afternoon *goûter*. You see, Très Cher, it provides such an easy and painless way (provided they have good digestions) of teaching them geography!—PRISCILLA.

*Hurrell*

MISS NORMA SHEARER IN THE "LET US BE GAY". FILM

The beautiful Canadian actress has returned to the movies in the film version of "Let Us Be Gay." Her absence was caused by domestic reasons, as she is the mother of a more or less newly-born little son. In private life Miss Norma Shearer is the wife of Mr. Irving Thalberg. She was born in Montreal and commenced her professional career on the stage. Her film debut was not made till 1921 and she went up the ladder very fast. Mr. Irving Thalberg is the vice-president of the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Company, and he is only thirty-four, and he has been in his present exalted position since he was twenty-four. Norma Shearer, who is one of the most beautiful people in the motion picture business, is only twenty-seven.



LADY MAUD WARRENDER AND THE REV. LORD BYRON



THE HON. MRS. NICHOLSON (V. SACKVILLE-WEST) AND LORD DARLING

MISS PHYLLIS COLERIDGE AND
DON RENATO PRUNAS-BARRAGO

MR. ROBERT CUST AND LADY AKBAR HYDARI

LADY GERALD WELLESLEY AND
DAME ADELAIDE LIVINGSTONE

THE REV. G. H. COLERIDGE

AT THE
POETRY SOCIETY'S
BIRTHDAY DINNER

DESCENDED FROM THE BARD OF AVON: MR. GEOFFREY
SHAKESPEARE, M.P., WITH MRS. J. H. SHAKESPEARE

When the Poetry Society recently held its birthday dinner at the Café Royal fifty descendants of world-famous English poets were present to hear Lord Darling, on the eve of his eighty-first birthday, propose the principal toast, which was to the memory of their immortal forbears. Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, the member for Norwich, is the nearest living descendant of the Bard of Avon, and Mr. Robert Cust numbers Milton among his ancestors. The Rev. G. H. Coleridge and Miss Phyllis Coleridge are respectively great-grandson and great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Lord Byron, the vicar of Thrumpton, is descended from the 6th Lord Byron's cousin. Lady Maud Warrender is President of the Poetry Society, and Mrs. Harold Nicholson is herself a poet of note. Nobile Don Renato Prunas-Barrago is First Secretary at the Italian Legation



OUR SCRUM-HALF'S WIFE BUYS A MELON

By A. E. Bestall



THE POND A

By Severin



ND THE STARS

to Tremator

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Adores the bold Tommasso in quite the 'hayseed' way,
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And twirls with sweet confusion upon a rustic toe.

An artful poudrée Countess, all velvet, rouge and lace
Trips after gay Tommasso with most seductive grace,
She waves divine Abdullas—he lets Pepita drop—
The Village Belle expires in one convulsive flop.

F. R. HOLMES

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IN SOME NEW FILMS



JOAN CRAWFORD IN "OUR BLUSHING BRIDES"

The latest picture in which beautiful Joan Crawford is starring is called "Our Blushing Brides," and it is eventually to make its way over here. Joan Crawford, whose real name is Lucille Le Suedo, is a Texan, and started her professional life as a cabaret and later a successful stage dancer. Then the films claimed her and have never since allowed her to get free—greatly to her profit and the public's. The name of the film in which the famous Dodge Sisters are appearing is not announced, but it is bound to be something with dancing in it. Marilyn Miller rightfully belongs to the stage proper, but she is now finishing a circus film and the picture shows her in one of the scenes. Marilyn Miller married Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford's brother, and like many another American stage celebrity, she has been a Ziegfeld Folly. Musical comedy and revue however are her long suits



THE DODGE SISTERS



MARILYN MILLER IN A CIRCUS FILM

COLONEL CHARTERIS' SHOOT AT CAHIR



LIEUT.-COLONEL R. B. AND MRS. CHARTERIS



THE EARL OF GRANARD, CAPTAIN CHARLES MOORE, AND LORD GREVILLE



MAJOR DERMOT McCALMONT



LADY HELEN McCALMONT



LORD AND LADY GLANUSK



CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD

Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Charteris, at whose first covert shoot these snapshots were taken, is admitted to have the best wood-cock shooting in Great Britain or Ireland. He is a son of the late Colonel the Hon. Richard Charteris, a younger son of the seventh Lord Wemyss. Lady Helen McCalmont, wife of the Master of the Kilkenny, Major Dermot McCalmont, is rated one of the best woman shots in the British Isles. The Kilkenny incidentally is one of the oldest if not the oldest hunt in Ireland. Lord Glanusk is Lord Lieutenant of Breconshire and married a daughter of the late Colonel Frank Dugdale. Lord Granard, who has his seat in Longford, is Master of the Horse to H.M. The King and a Senator of the Irish Free State. Lord Greville is a Deputy-Lieutenant for Westmeath, and was formerly in the 7th Hussars, the same regiment as Major Dermot McCalmont, and Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort is the famous Newmarket trainer

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

IN THE NEWS OF THE DAY



FOUR CRACKS OF THE FLAT: STEVE DONOGHUE, BROWNIE CARSLAKE, JOE CHILDS, AND FREDDIE FOX



(Right) LORD BIRKENHEAD



WITH THE ROMAN FOXHOUNDS: SIGNORA AMARRONES, THE BARONESS NISCO, AND LADY FARQUHAR



A LONG-DOG OWNER: MRS. J. O. FANE WITH HONEST ENCOUNTER, WILD WARRIOR II, HELPMATE, CAPTURED CASTLE, FIVE OF HEARTS, STEVENTON SHY BOB, AND TIDE'S DARLING

The group of the four crack jockeys in the picture above includes this year's champion, Fred Fox, who in a most exciting finish just beat Gordon Richards by one. He rode 129 winners. Steve had the bad luck to break a leg when riding just as well as ever. His score was 25. Brownie Carslake rode 37 winners, and Joe Childs, jockey to the Royal Stable, 32. The new Lord Birkenhead, who succeeded on the much regretted death of his brilliant father, was Lord Furneaux and was born in 1907. The Roman Foxhounds' country in the Campagna is rated a "snorter" by those who have sampled it; all high timber and big stone walls, and only the very brave—of whom some are seen in the group above—take it on. The hunt was founded in 1836 by the late Lord Chesterfield. Mrs. J. O. Fane was the most successful owner at Wembley in the long-dog races and is seen with some of her winners. Most of them were bought in Ireland. Mrs. Fane is the wife of Mr. J. O. Fane of Steventon Manor, Basingstoke



MISS RITA PAGE

Peter North

Who has made very good in that bright show, "Little Tommy Tucker," the new musical comedy at Daly's, which seems to be very much to London's taste, and is doing great business

MOST golfers when doing badly in a score competition tear up their cards and try to forget. But in one such event a player who was either perversely dogged or utterly insensitive went on to the bitter end and handed in a card which topped the century. The secretary, when collecting the scores, looked at the card in question and said, "Who brought this in? Bradman?"

The customer was obviously annoyed, so the waitress approached him to see what the trouble was.

"Is there something wrong?" she said.

"Wrong!" snapped the customer, angrily. "Look, there's a fly in the bottom of my cup. What does it mean?"

"Sorry!" returned the girl, moving away, "I'm a waitress, not a fortune-teller."

"My wife went through all my pockets last night."

"Did she find anything?"

"Yes, she found what all explorers find—material for a lecture!"

Flannagan was a very, very conscientious station-master in the West of Ireland, under whose control, among other things, was a piece of faulty railway line. Every few days a train would be derailed at this point, and every few days Flannagan would write out a long and rambling report to send to the head office of how the train came off the rails and how it was got back again. After years of this, the head office wearied of the station-master's interminable statements and sent him orders to report events in as concise language as possible. Shortly after a train was derailed and the following was received at head office:

"Off again. On again. Gone again.—Flannagan."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

An amusing story is told about a leading Scottish divine whose great popularity is equalled only by his great girth. On a trip to Africa he had occasion to send some clothes to the local laundry. When they were returned to his hotel he noticed on the bill the item, "One tent." This he found out was his night-shirt.

"Mollie," said her mother, "you were very restless in church."

"Was I, mummy?" was the penitent response.

"You never see daddy behaving like that. Why couldn't you be quiet like him?"

"Well, mummy, you see I wasn't a bit sleepy"

The proud owner of a baby car offered to take a friend for a ride into the country. The offer was accepted, and after they had been going some time the passenger turned to the driver and said, "I say, old man, when do we reach the country?"

"Country," replied the other, "why we're in the country now."

"But hang it all," said the friend, "all I have seen is this beastly wall on either side of us for miles."

"Wall? Wall?" cried the car-owner angrily, "that's the kerb!"

A negro boxer was to fight a heavy-weight champion. When he reached the ring his trainer noticed that he was trembling with fear. "It's all right, Sam," he said, to cheer him up. "Just say to yourself, 'I'm going to beat him,' and you'll win."

"That's no good, boss," replied Sam; "I know what a liar I am."

An Indian police recruit, desiring a favour, addressed his senior officer in the following manner. "I am an egg, and you are my hen, and in due time, I trust, I shall hatch forth into a worthy chicken of the police force. . . ." He then proceeded to state his request.

He was a beginner and after having fozzled many attempts to hit the ball he said to his caddie. "Do you know anything about golf?"

The caddie sighed. "No," he said, "I'm just noted fer me patience."



ENGLISH HISTORY AS MADE IN GERMANY

A scene from an "historical" English play recently presented at the Hessen Lander Theatre in Darmstadt. The moment is when "Count" Essex sees Queen Elizabeth without her wig for the first time. Herr Werner Hinz plays Essex, and Fräulein Hermine Körner the Queen

the soul is never empty of the loveliness it gives



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"Elusive, subtle substance of the soul,
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Give your best, your highest ideals, your tenderest emotions, expressed in a thing of beauty. The best of you should reach those who receive your gift • This beauty you thought you wanted for yourself—if you would keep it—you must give it! Beauty grows as it is shared. An ancient proverb says:

"There must be two to bring any beauty into the world.
One to say it — and one to hear it"

The great desire for loveliness has been planted in our hearts, impelling us to gather beauty—just to scatter it again! As seeds are blown about and multiply, nourished by the earth. Always more and more. Thus we glimpse the cosmic purpose, the divine pattern in our yearning to be beautiful. This is the ebb and flow, the back and forth, the pulse, the rhythm of the Universe! • So give your beauty gladly—with prodigal abandon—in laughing and loving and high endeavour to soothe and bless the world • The soul is never empty of the loveliness it gives

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T.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF NORWAY

A recent picture from Oslo of Prince Olav and the Princess, who formerly was Princess Martha of Sweden. Prince Olav was born at Appleton House, Sandringham, and his mother was H.R.H. Princess Maud of England before her marriage to King Haakon VII of Norway in 1896

THERE is a very true old saying that Untruth will get half round the world before Truth has time to put on its boots. In a recent note on a cutting from a Warwickshire paper which was given to me when I happened to be down hunting in those parts, a statement was made by one, Dr. E. H. Stancomb, concerning poison-gas experiments on horses, and he is, amongst other things, credited with the statement that "we have had 2,000 years of Christianity, but no organized body of Christians has made a protest against this negation of their creed." In "The Daily Sketch" of October 30, the above statement was misquoted to read that 2,000 horses had been treated with poison gas. As a result, a question was asked in the House of Commons on November 3, and in answer Mr. Bromley, for the Secretary of State for War, stated as the true facts that during the last ten years, 1921 to 1930, only twenty-five horses had been used in experiments with poison gas, and that these experiments were carried out in order to enable data to be obtained for preventive and curative treatment in the case of horses affected by poison gases. A similar question on July 31 evoked the answer that in the past year eight horses had been experimented on, and that none had suffered. I am afraid that like a good many other people the reports of what goes on in that Tower of Babble, the House, are the last things I read, and for this I am to blame. I had not seen these *démentis* or I should not have taken the least notice of this Warwickshire newspaper cutting, and I am sorry that I did, but I was not

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

the only person in Warwickshire who, reading it, considered that the facts were authoritative. In my own defence I think I must recall that I prefaced my quotation of its "facts" according to that cutting: "If the facts are categorically correct . . ." They were not correct. There is no slaughter of horses in connection with these experiments, and certain protective measures against pain are adopted.

A lady-poetess sends me the following little essay in verse upon the celebrated family of "Stein," and I feel that it will give each member of the clan intense satisfaction, because the lady hits off their characteristics with a deftness which is entirely delightful:

There's a notable fam'ly called Stein,
There's Gertrude, there's Ep-, and there's Ein-,
In their relative way
They will frolic all day,
But their sky-larking's different from mine.
Ep-'s a dealer in marble and lumps,
Bulky bulges, vast models with mumps,
In a medium of blocks
Of the semblance of rocks
He bamboozles his public—the chumps!

Now Ein-'s of a different tone,
In the ether he paddles alone,
His actions next year
Took place (is this clear)
In B.C. 471.

Last comes Gertrude; yes Gertrude, she's Stein,
All pure Stein, yes that's so, she's in line,
Not a stop that's a stop,
Not a stop for a prop,
But the high-brows all think she's divine.

One of the most charming books about hunting which has ever come my way is "Tally Ho," written by little Moyra Charlton, and begun just after her eleventh birthday and finished just after she had turned twelve. As a rule precocious children are amongst the crosses sent to try us, but this little girl is not precocious, just extremely charming and quite unsophisticated, and I regret that I do not number her amongst my personal acquaintances. It is the life story of an Irish hunter, delightfully told, and every word of it reads true. Lord Lonsdale in his foreword, written as a personal letter to the little authoress, strikes the right note when he says: "The life of Tally Ho

has so many human and animal touches in it that I feel sure that it is quite unnecessary for me to express what I am perfectly certain all readers of it will realize and love—your feeling towards animals is so well expressed, and the love of your horse, as you dream of him, is an excellent one." It is even more than this, for there is a very definite literary quality in what Moyra Charlton has written. Take this one little passage in the opening chapter in which we are introduced to Tally Ho's sire and dam on a wind-swept moor. "Dawn's silvery

(Continued on p. 2)



A SHOOT AT SCARISBRICK HALL, ORMSKIRK

"Visibility moderate" was the verdict when this group of a recent shoot at Scarisbrick was taken. Included in the party are: Lord Rossmore, Lord Acton, Viscount Pollington (Lord Mexborough's son), Mr. E. T. Scarisbrick, Captain Scarisbrick, the Hon. Richard Westerra (Lord Rossmore's brother), Mrs. Worswick, Mr. Entwistle, and Mr. F. Wild. Scarisbrick Hall is the Lancashire seat of Sir Tom Scarisbrick. Mr. Everard Talbot Scarisbrick is his son and heir

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THE HERIOT'S RUGGER XV

Ian Smith

A recent group in which the names, left to right, are: Back row—R. Ayer, J. H. Melville, A. L. Smith, J. D. Lowe, T. Robson, W. M. Laing, T. Cleland, and A. J. Ambrose; front row—T. M. Martin, D. G. Heeps, A. R. Robson, Gow Brown, A. Bateman, E. J. Oxley, and W. Davies

NOW that the 'Varsity match is over, as well as the eliminating trial at Blundellsands, the real work of selecting the England side can begin. The match at Weston on Saturday next is at least as interesting as trials usually are, and there is every prospect of a really good game at Twickenham on the first Saturday in the New Year, when England meet the Rest.

A fortnight later the Welsh side are due at the Rugby Union headquarters, where they have never yet escaped defeat, though in fairness one is bound to say that they certainly deserved to do so in 1914, even if they did not actually do so, which was rather a moot point at the time. It is worth noting that the Welshmen were unusually weak in the centre, but they had a splendid pack, and the honours of the match were certainly not with England.

Since the war the two countries have met on eleven occasions, England having eight victories to their credit and Wales two, the other game, at Cardiff in 1926, having been drawn. The two Welsh victories were decisive enough, for at Swansea in 1920 the first International played after the War, the home team won by 4 goals and a try to a goal, and at Cardiff two years later, by 2 goals and 6 tries to 2 tries. The Swansea match was the one in which Jerry O'Shea "went mad." Everything he attempted came off, and he had a sensational personal triumph. The Cardiff game, of course, was the famous, or infamous, mud-wallow.

Except on the principle that every lane must have a turning, there seems no particular reason why Wales should win this time. At the same time there are signs that the Welsh selection has been conducted on more sensible lines, and the chances are that the best team will be discovered sooner than has been the case during the last few years. If so, there is no doubt that our men will have all their work cut out to win, for whilst we look like having at least an average side, there must of necessity be a weak spot or two, or so it appears at the time of working.

The appointment of Mr. R. W. Jeffares, of Dublin, to referee the University match, was fully justified by his work last season. He took charge of the England v. Wales game at Cardiff, and also of England v. Scotland, at Twickenham, and gave the utmost satisfaction in both cases. At the same time it seems a pity that the honour, for honour it is, could not go to an

Rugby Ramblings

Englishman. Mr. D. Hellewell was given three Internationals last season, so there can hardly be any doubt as to his competence, and there are also two gentlemen named Hughes, one our old Blackheath friend, and the other familiarly known as "Joe," who would fill the bill admirably.

There was some little difficulty about choosing the referee for the 'Varsity match this year, since of two leading Welsh referees, whose names need not be mentioned, each was barred by one of the Universities, so there was something like a dead-lock. Generally speaking, it is rather a compliment to a referee to be barred by a particular club, as it usually means that he has been doing his duty without fear or favour, but the principle hardly holds good in this instance.

The Harlequins will soon be deprived of the valuable services of C. C. McCreight, who is to go to Catterick, and must be accounted very fortunate in having the Cambridge man, G. J. Dean, at their command. Dean is very unlucky in not having secured a blue, and he must almost wish he had gone to Oxford, where his selection must have been almost a certainty.

The Christmas programme in London is as blank as usual, with the exception of course of Blackheath, who, wise in their generation, play the Racing Club de France on Boxing Day and Richmond on the day following. There is no game on either day at Richmond or at Twickenham, an omission which seems like throwing good money away. The average man is thankful to have something to do or see on Boxing Day, and almost any sort of game would draw a crowd to, say, the Richmond Athletic ground.

The honorary secretary of a small Welsh club in the Abertillery district writes that his team is finding great difficulty in carrying on, a state of affairs which is largely due to the hardness of the times. He says that they would do much better if the players were properly equipped; at present they take the field in a variety of jerseys, and he thinks that perhaps some wealthier club might perhaps have a set of "left-off togs" which could easily be spared. If any organization feels as charitably inclined as it should do at Christmas time, a letter to me at the office of this paper would set the wheels going round. "LINE-OUT."



THE EDINBURGH ACADEMICALS RUGBY TEAM

Ian Smith

The 1930-31 school XV of this famous Scottish public school. The names, left to right, are: Back row—G. M. Balfour, J. L. Tod, F. Ranken, J. J. S. Binnie, G. M. Dacker, G. M. White, G. G. P. Dodds, G. M. Crabbie, S. L. Robertson; front row—J. C. K. Miller, H. H. Turcan, F. M. Roughhead, G. P. S. Macpherson, R. J. Henderson, and F. A. Wright

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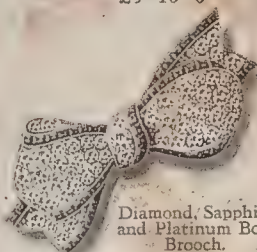
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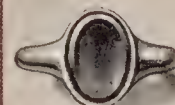


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"A large bedraggled parrot
hopped on to the care-taker's
stout shoulder."

SOLD. By M. N. Thomas

IT stood well back from the road, surrounded by over-grown trees and a tall, thick wall. Its gloomy damp aspect was very different from the days when Richard Carruthers, the brilliant young K.C., had passed a happy childhood within its walls. But now the paint had peeled, the paths were over-grown, the summer-house smelt of mould, and the gooseberry bushes in the kitchen-garden were a wilderness of thorns which only grudgingly yielded a minimum of prickly fruit. It was the type of house that had long forgotten the sound of a youthful laugh and the hurried scampering of small feet. Certainly Martha Parsons, the aged female care-taker who was now its only inhabitant, never did anything so frivolous as laugh—a dry, cracked apology for a chuckle was the only expression of mirth that on rare occasions passed her lips.

Why the weather-beaten board with

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had stood so long was a mystery to all except those who knew the house. Five years ago, when Martha Parsons had first taken charge, it had fully justified the agents' definition of "desirable country residence." People still came to see over it. It was within an hour's journey of the City and, with the expenditure of a couple of hundred pounds, could, or so it would seem, be restored to its former state of pristine attraction. But no one ever bought it or even entered into preliminary negotiations with the puzzled agents.

One dark Christmas Eve, when frost stiffened the rank grass of the garden and rime crusted the path and the sign-board, a newly-married couple drove up to the gates. The care-taker watched them from behind the dingy net curtains, like a spider watching a couple of flies through her net. A full month had elapsed since she had last been disturbed, but she revealed no reluctance when she opened the door and asked them to come inside.

She showed them over the house slowly, because of her stoutness and rheumatism, and pains-takingly. But for all her readiness to be obliging, neither the eager young man nor his

pretty wife liked this fat old woman in the dirty wrapper, who moved with unnatural quietness considering her weight. They ignored her as much as possible, which was certainly not justified either by her actions or her words, although the girl afterwards told her husband that she had never once met her eyes.

The young people had decided before they had seen all the rooms, in the rash impulsive way of youth, that the house could be made "ideal."

"And the garden too, Jim," the girl planned earnestly, looking out of a window where the garden lay, mysterious in the darkening gloom. "We'll have daffodils growing amongst the grass and crocuses below those great trees."

It was on the second floor that the old woman passed a door.

"I say," the young man said sharply, "what's this room?" Martha Parsons hesitated before replying reluctantly.

"That used to be a bedroom."

"Well, and aren't you going to let us see it?"

"There's nothing to see in there."

"But naturally we want to see all the rooms," he insisted.

"Yes, of course we do," his wife agreed, and stepping forward, she turned the handle, but the door did not open.

"I keep it locked," the old woman said, fumbling among her bunch of keys.

"Why?" they asked simultaneously.

"If you're going to live here, you're best not to know," came the cryptic reply.

"Know what? What's the matter with the room? Is there dry rot in the floor or anything like that?" the young man asked, remembering his father-in-law's instructions.

Martha Parsons startled them with an unexpected twitter.

"There's nothing wrong with the building," she said; "the first owner was a master builder himself, and this house should stand to the crack of doom."

"Well," the young man replied with determination, "open the door and let us in."

She looked at them both, her broad brow puckered, then she drew nearer and spoke in a lower tone.

(Continued overleaf)

"I'm old enough to be the grandmother of the pair of you, and if you want to be happy in this house keep that door locked."

"Look here, we're not children," the young man expostulated, "What's wrong with the room?"

Martha Parsons sighed at the frail curiosity of humanity, and her tone was one that indicated they had only themselves to blame for what they now heard.

"They say," she said, "that the first owner's wife disappeared, no one heard of her—she might have been blown off the face of this earth. But her husband is supposed to have bricked her up in that very room. They say her ghost still haunts it."

She saw the girl involuntarily draw nearer to her husband. He managed to laugh fairly successfully as he replied.

"Oh, I don't believe these yarns. Do open the door."

"Have—have you heard anything?" the girl asked breathlessly.

"Never a sound—that tale's the only dry rot about this house," and again she emitted her unpleasant, mirthless snigger. "But I don't bring people in here if I can help it, for if they've heard the story they think they hear a voice and no end of other silly notions."

"I think I'll wait for you out here, Jim," the girl said suddenly, sitting down on a window-seat in the hall.

"That's right, dearie," Martha commended with a nauseating familiarity.

"I'm not frightened by that ridiculous story, if that's what you mean," the girl retorted, flushing, "I'm tired with all this running about."

"Yes, yes," the old woman soothed like a kindly nurse with a fractious child, "you're just a little tired."

The door unlocked with a metallic click.

The young man and the care-taker entered and she closed the door behind them.

"So this is the haunted room, is it?" the prospective buyer said jauntily, standing in the middle of the floor and looking round him. "It's a bit dull," he went on as though cheered by the sound of his own voice, "but it's not exactly where you would expect to find a ghost."

"It's just a silly story," the old woman said, looking broodingly in front of her. "I've lived here for the last five years and never heard a sound."

"Where—where is it he is supposed to have bricked her up?" he asked with half-ashamed curiosity.

"Over there," She pointed indifferently with her thumb towards the northern wall.

The young man went forward and, turning his head sideways, tapped on the wall to test it. The next moment he leapt back and, with a terrified shout, clutched at the care-taker.

"Did you hear it?" he cried aghast, his face as white as paper.

"Hear what?" she asked crossly, indignantly straightening her lace collar which in his terror-stricken haste he had disarranged.

"It was a voice," he said hoarsely, "I could hear it quite plainly. It—it was sort of choking and it said—it said, 'Let me out, let me out.'"

The old woman looked at him pityingly, but he was too agitated to notice her contempt.

"You must have heard it," he cried, almost appealingly, "you must, you must, it was muffled but quite loud."

"There was nothing to hear. It's all your imagination, sir."

"You must be deaf then," he said rudely, "deaf as a door-nail."

"I'm not deaf," she replied, "but them that listens for noises hears them."

They left so hurriedly that the young man forgot his gloves. He never went back to the house-agents, for like others he was slightly ashamed of the ghostly voice although convinced of its existence.

The throb of the highly-powered car drove into silence, leaving the house to itself and Martha Parsons. She went back to her kitchen and brewed herself a cup of strong tea, chuckling to herself over the silliness of human nature. She congratulated herself on the workless comfort of her job—meat to her dinner

every day of the week, and she could sleep the round of the clock. There was no reason to fear losing her place through that white-faced young man buying the haunted house. She determined not to go to bed quite yet, in case he returned for his gloves, but she put her feet up on a chair in front of the comfortably warm fire.

Suddenly a knock came to the front door, echoing through the silent house like a summons from the dead. Frowning and grumbling to herself, the old woman made her way to the door.

On the step there stood the silhouette of a very tall man. Once in the lighted hall she

saw he was young and well dressed, His manner was brisk, and handing her the agents' card he told her in a few brief sentences that he wished to see over the house. He did not even apologize for the late hour.

He was much less of a fool than the other young man, she told herself grudgingly as she watched him testing the wood with his penknife and smelling for damp like a dog at a rabbit-hole. But even he succumbed to the mystery of the haunted room.

He listened to the story with grave attention, his peaked eyebrows raised, and insisted on going inside. When he tapped the hollow part of the wall, she saw him suddenly start back but he swiftly gained control of himself.

Then it was her turn to receive a shock as she saw Richard Carruthers stretch out his hand and press the secret spring which had been the delight of his childhood days.

The door of the concealed cupboard slid open and a large bedraggled parrot hopped on to the caretaker's stout shoulder, screeching triumphantly, "Let me out! Let me out!"



THE DRAMA: NOW. YOUNG WOMAN, AMUSE ME!

Drawn by Will Dyson

Another dry-point from the satirical pen of Will Dyson, some others of whose excellent works have been published in this paper. Will Dyson's pre-War career as a satirist of the bourgeoisie, both political and social, will be remembered by many, but probably many more will recall his sensational War cartoons when with Raemackers he was the spear-head of the Allies' attack upon Germany in the field of cartoon. Many of these are housed in English and continental galleries

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PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

Inventors Forward!

I AM told authoritatively, though I have no means of verification at hand, that H.M. Patent Office takes more fees from inventive geniuses who fondly imagine that they can improve motor-cars than from any other section of the technically-minded community. Considering the number of hopeful projectors at work upon it, it is astonishing that the motor-car progresses so slowly. For if you review what has happened since the War you will be quite shocked at the paucity of really notable developments. The Daimler-fluid-fly-wheel, the Armstrong-Siddeley self-changing gear-box, automatic radiator shutters, safety-glass, servo-brakes, dipping-cum-swivelling head-lamps, four-wheel jacking . . . that about exhausts my mental list of bright ideas. Yet there is any amount of room for fresh ones. Here, for example, is something that I badly want, and I am in the market for it directly it appears. That is a windscreen wiper that will deal with mud as well as rain. Such a thing would not appeal very much to those who do most of their motoring in country roads, and rarely (for their sins) have to form a unit in a long procession, but to anyone who has to get from town out into the country by means of a "by-pass" infested with trains of unpassable coaches such a device would be a real boon and blessing. Going home the other evening I had to stop twice and clean an opaque film of finely divided grit off my screen. The thing became such a nuisance that I almost prayed for a sharp shower of rain. As it was the road was wet enough, but the atmosphere was dry, and the little blobs of gritty mud just stuck where they struck. In these circumstances the ordinary sort of windscreen wiper however operated is quite useless. The most it can do is to grind a jolly little rainbow into the surface of the glass. On one of my cars this was done so effectively that I had to get a new pane so difficult was it to see through the scratches. But I think that in that case the glass was somewhat to blame—possibly on the soft side. Yet I have seen many other windscreens suffering from a similar trouble. I do not know what lines my desired inventor will follow, but I fancy they will have to involve a high-pressure jet of water—and plenty of it. By the way perhaps you did not know that if your screen is smothered with desiccated mud you render yourself liable to a charge of driving to the common danger.

Sorely Needed.

The next thing that I crave for almost incessantly is some

Vicar of Poor Parish (showing round very rich lady with hope of financial help for his needy parishioners): We are passing through the poorest slums—these people have little to brighten their lives

Lady: I must do something for them. James, drive the car slowly, and turn on the big lamps!

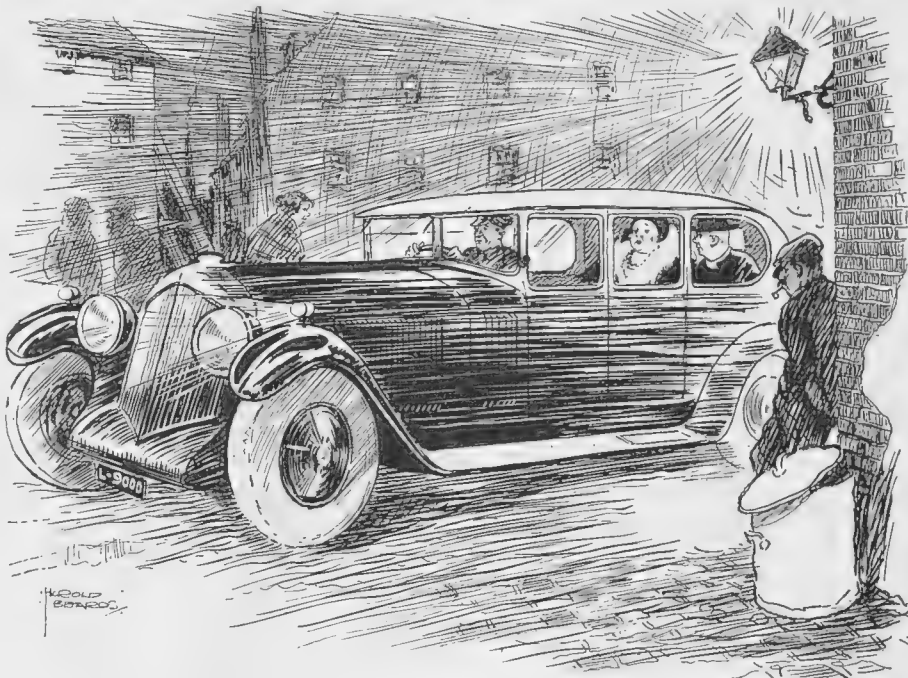
automatic or semi-automatic method of wheel-changing. The disgusting job of jacking the car up, of groping under dirty mud-guards and all the rest of it, is now a thing of the past if

you choose to take advantage of devices actually in being—but changing the wheel is still a revolting form of manual exercise. It is just as vile to-day as when detachable wheels were first invented which, if my memory serves me right, was just about five-and-twenty-years ago. On a wet night—which is when most punctures declare themselves—it is never a joyful task to get that wheel into position. We have servo-motors of one kind or another for putting on the brakes, scratching the screen, and even changing gear. Why cannot the same principle be devoted to delivering the faulty wheel into one's waiting hands and thrusting "home" the spare? I confess frankly that I do not, myself, see how the necessary mechanism is to be arranged, but the problem, such as it is, ought to be simple enough to the enterprising inventor who would, on a proposition of this sort, be far better employed than in endeavouring to produce a carburetter guaranteed to give an extra mile to the gallon. Motoring is full of contrasts—but for a really lively one commend me to the difference between wheel-changing as practised at the pits in a big race and wheel-changing as performed by the ordinary motorist (which is to say, you and me) in wet and darkness and, for preference, in dress clothes. But do not let me suggest that a boiled shirt is, under these conditions, necessarily a curse. I mind well one occasion upon which I defeated the contrariness of a spare wheel by the unusual chance of good laundry-work. Mrs. P. V. held a handkerchief close in front of one of the head-lamps, whereby a certain amount of light was thrown upon my glazed shirt-front, and that in turn dimly (but effectively), illuminated what was otherwise in outer darkness. You need not think I am pulling your legs, for that is an absolute fact. All the same I believe I prefer a spot-light.



MISS M. B. CARSTAIRS

Who is intent upon the motor-boat record, and is building a 5½-litre boat at the Sylvia Yard, East Cowes, which she intends to start in the Detroit International Race, which is to take place in English waters next year



Fine Performance.

A very cheery function was the luncheon at the Hotel Rembrandt the other day given to welcome home two amateur drivers, Mr. J. B. Dixon and Mr. C. E. Shippam upon their return from practically encircling the globe with their redoubtable 9-h.p. Riley. This car, by the way, they drove through the front door of the hotel and bang into the banquetting hall at precisely the appointed hour. The car, apart from having a special body, extra tankage, and larger wheels than usual, was the standard product, and a splendid account it has given of itself.

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

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I WONDER, dear reader, whether you have ever considered the many risks against which the golfing journalist must be fore-armed? Not merely the mere physical danger of a ball on the head, delivered there inadvertently by a wholly friendly player. That is fully covered by insurance. Nor even the chance of being torn limb from limb by partners in a foursome, after daring to ascribe more of the credit to one member of the side than the other. That, too, is just an open, everyday risk, which the fearless author can steel herself to meet without blanching.

No, it is her mind, her literary style, which is the real danger, always open to risk of infection. Not only may she catch some microbe of false doctrine, such as rebellion against the R and A's attitude to stymies, disbelief in the straight left arm. She may, by the simple act of letting her mind relax for a short hour, by revelling in something which somebody else has put on paper, catch that somebody else's style. It may be wholly and entirely delightful, lucid, suitable to the purpose for which it is penned but for golfing journalism, useless, hopeless, unintelligible. I, for instance, have always been aware of this danger.

But the other day I was weak. There was a spare hour before it was necessary for me to put finger to typewriter; beside me lay the book which the shops have been tempting you to buy with their irresistible legend, "Buy your first edition now before it is sold out." Before I could finish the slim red book it was time to cope with next week's golf article; I had only read for fifty minutes but the mischief was done. This, with apologies to Mr. Kipling, was how the article came out:

Please may I come in? I am Ragamuffin. I am son of Champion Nobody of Nowhere. Very fine dog. No-dash-parlour-tricks but real good golfer. One time there is walk in kennel-that-moves with Very Own Goddess. I see lots and lots other dogs. They said, I said. But kennel-that-moves went past ever-so-quick. Then there was many many kennels-that-moves all ontrust beside big green common and Very Own Goddess said, "Now Ragamuffin, ontrust for a bit old man and don't let anybody walk off with anything out of the car." Then she went. I were dretful offended because she had sticks-that-hits-wee-white-ballie under her arm and most times I go with and find wee-white-ballie for her when loses in heather. I have never bitted it. I say woof once and then looks other way case I might want to bite it till Very Own Goddess comes.

Soon time other kennel-that-moves came with rotten-little-lap dog in. And man-with-shiney-legs. I said lots. Rotten-little-lap dog never said. Only yawned. There is man-with-shiney-legs went walk with rotten-little-lap-dog on red leather lead. Own Goddess never on lead with me. I said lots and lots till man-with-shiny legs laughed at me. Then I turned other way and pretended not see



Miss Grant Suttie, Mrs. Dunlop Hill, Mrs. Dunsmuir, and Mrs. Duncan, not forgetting three important persons who "went with" to Turnberry for the Scottish Championship

EVE AT GOLF

Thy Servant a Golfer

By ELEANOR E. HELME

lots of peoples came and patted her and said, "Is this really a seventy-six? It's magnificent. Nobody's going to beat that. There's only one more couple out." "Oh, but that's your scratch player you know, and I hear she only wants a four for a seventy-five. Anyway, Rag-dog, it's a great morning. Come for a scamper." I went. I were tired of ontrust in kennel-that-moves that was staying still.

There were grand smells all down heather, bunny rabbits, and by fir wood bunny rabbits-that-run-up-trees. I went fast all by own self. Soontimes I saw wee-white-ballie in big heather. There were no peoples, only long way 'way who couldn't see me. Picked up wee white ballie to take back to Own Goddess. Then couldn't see anywhere. Heather too high. I jumped high. So it were no good looking, and there were great big lovely bunny rabbit hole with bunny rabbit smell all over. Dropped wee white ballie and dug and dug and dug. But bunny rabbit had went. Wee white ballie had went, too, under the sand that I dug out of bunny rabbit hole couldn't find again anywhere.

Then Own Goddess whistled long, long way 'way. Bustled hard, but heather were very high. After that was wonderful things-under-table-at-lunch, although little dog's not supposed to come into club-house, but Own Goddess had won and there was no proper whackings whatever she did. But one other people that came into lunch after looked dretful sorrowful. "It was rotten luck losing your ball in the heather at the last," said Own Goddess; "You'd just have pipped me if you hadn't."

But I was glad that one people looked sorrowful, because soontimes after I saw her went and kiss rotten-little-lap-dog and talk to the man-with-the-shiny-legs out in big kennel-that-moves that was ontrust. And man with the shiny legs had laughed at me. And I am very fine dog, though I did lose wee-white-ballie down bunny rabbit hole.



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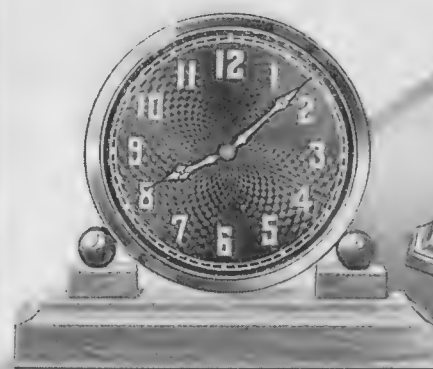
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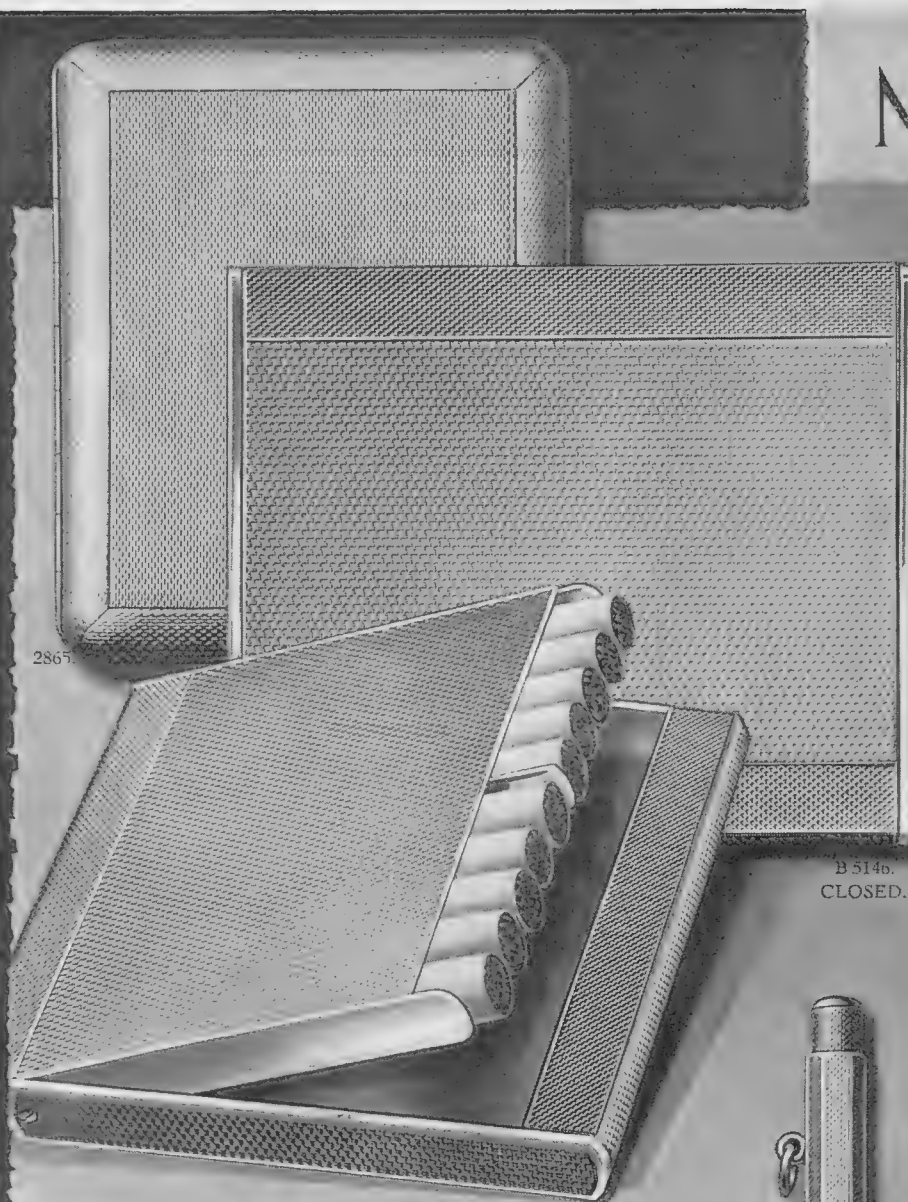
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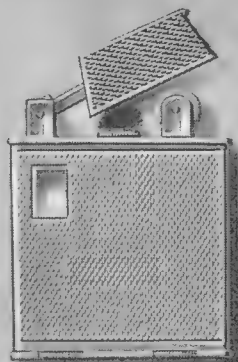
N 2464. Engine-turned Sterling Silver Cigarette Box. 3½ in. long, £2 15 0 5½ in. long, £3 15 0 6½ in. long, £4 15 0



B 5146. CLOSED.

B 5146. OPEN.

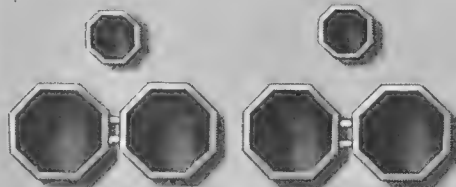
2865. Cigarette Case. Gold £10 10 0 Sterling Silver 2 10 0



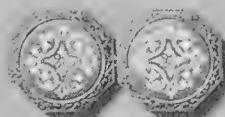
3241. Neat Lighter. Gold £7 10 0 Sterling Silver 3 10 0

B 5146. New Patent Spring-opening Cigarette Case. Engine-turned Sterling Silver, £6 15 0 Gold £21 0 0

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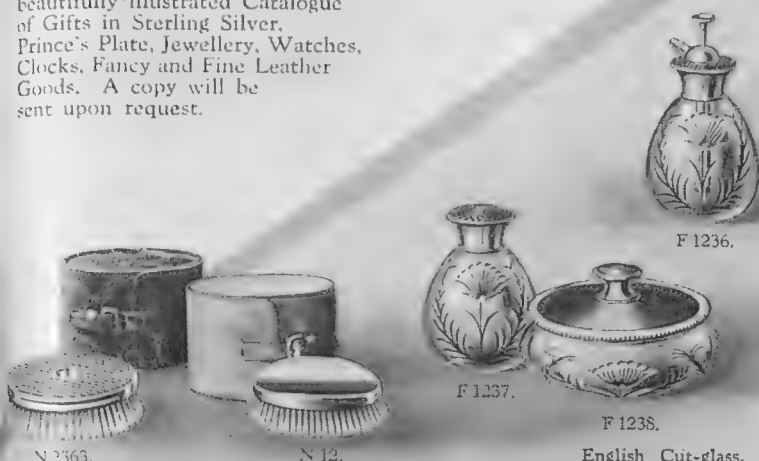
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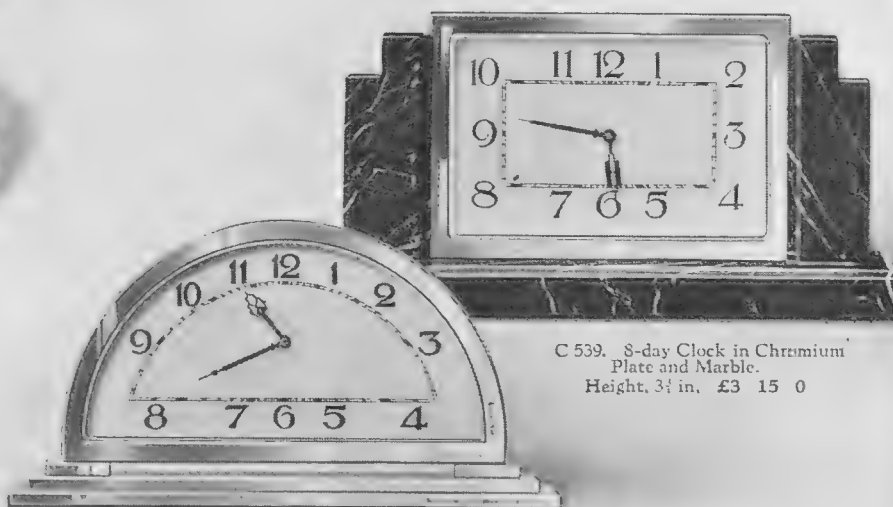


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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

A Kaleidoscope of Brilliant Colourings.

THE present vogue for black and white is doubtless the cause of the eclipse of gay colours; therefore the "dazzling"—there is no other word that describes them—fashions in *Ever Green*, presented by Charles B. Cochran at the Adelphi Theatre, are a veritable joy to all who revel in beautiful things. In the period frocks in the "Cool of the Evening" scene there are thirty-two different shades of satin beauté, including cerise, golden flame, lilac jade, almond green, and lavender. The corsages are tightly fitting, with the old world leg o' mutton sleeves; the hip lines are swathed with folds meeting at the back in a large bow. Reville, Hanover Square, are responsible for these as well as for the dresses worn by Jessie Matthews and Joyce Barbour. By the way, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that all the materials are British.

Pochettes and Gloves.

The greatest attention has been

given to the accessories; as a matter of fact *Ever Green* is a fount of inspiration for those in quest of novel notes in this respect for the coming season. For instance, Jessie Matthews is seen in a dress of chestnut and cedar-toned flecked chiffon tweed; there is a scarf of orange and emerald-green chiffon—merely for decorative purposes—which matches the narrow belt, the pochette being entirely of emerald-green leather. With an ensemble of deep pistache-green georgette she wears a velvet hat and carries a handbag of the same shade. The three-quarter coat is reinforced with muff-cuffs and an upstanding collar of beige Java squirrel. This talented actress carries an oyster-white ostrich-feather fan with her evening gown of velvet of the same shade; the corsage is moulded to the figure, the skirt being arranged on Grecian lines, while from the left shoulder falls a shawl-like drape attached to the wrist with a diamanté ornament.

Studies in Black and White.

Standing out with prominence among the glorious colour scheme in *Ever Green* is Joyce Barbour's tailored suit; the coat and skirt are of white-faced cloth, the collar and wide wrist belt being of ebon hue; in the pochette black and white share honours; the hat is white and so are the gloves. Simplicity is the salient feature of the afternoon tailored coat, it is expressed in black bagatelle; the enormous collar is of white lamb, and it is this fur that trims the sleeves, the hat being of black velvet.

The Last Word in Bathing Kit.

The wheel of fashion has revolved very rapidly in the domain

of bathing kit; to-day above everything it must be practical. Jaeger of Oxford Street, W., are warmly to be

congratulated on the bathing suits that are worn in the Beauty Competition Scene in *Ever Green*. They are of wool and are provided with all those gadgets that ever appeal to the professional as well as the amateur swimmer. The colour schemes are particularly interesting. They are unusual and attractive, and are in complete harmony with the individual personalities of the wearers, there are no two alike.

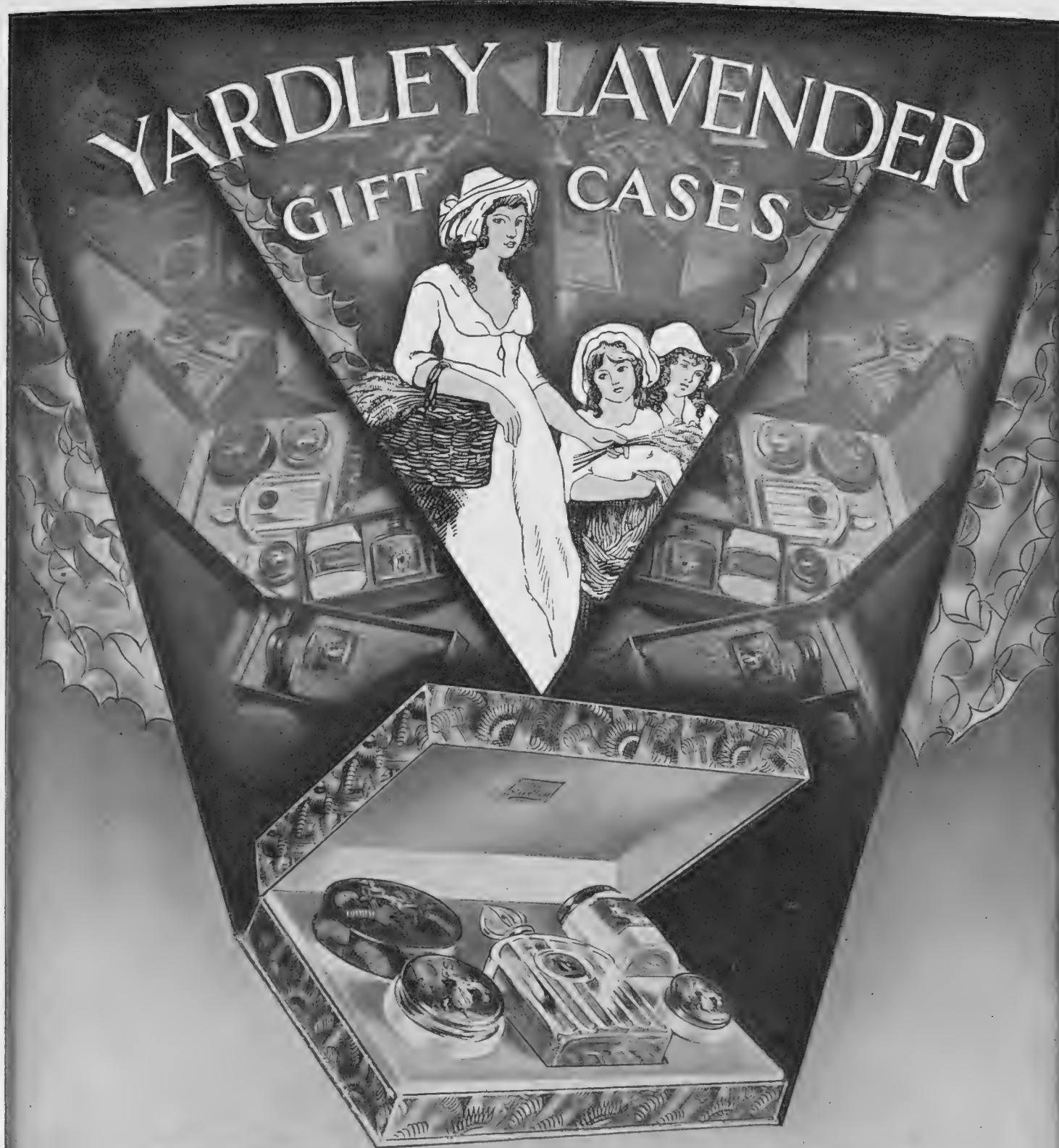
A Unique Display of Pens.

Every department of Asprey's, Bond Street, W., is a happy hunting ground for those in quest of Christmas gifts; there is something to suit all purses. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that they have opened a new section for the sale of fountain pens where men and women may not only view them but try them in comfort. There is a unique display of new and exclusive designs in Waterman's onyx desk stands. Particularly attractive are the stands fitted with calendars. Again there are the gold-covered pens, and others covered with silver to match. It must be remembered that a fountain pen is a constant reminder of the donor; another thing is that its true value is never appreciated until it has become an old friend.

Furs must never be discarded, as it is simply wonderful the way in which the Fur Renovating Company, 58, Cheap-side, E.C., renovate and remodel them. The coat pictured shows just what they can do with furs the owner regarded as of no practical value

This graceful evening dress is destined to be made of Courtauld's Courgette, a crêpe fabric endowed with unique draping possibilities. It is available in all fashionable shades

YARDLEY LAVENDER GIFT CASES



Best Loved of Christmas Gifts

In all the world you will find no
other Gift more sure of appreciation

This Christmas - - - Give Lavender

"The Lovable Fragrance"

*The Gift Case featured is 18/9
Others in great variety from 2/6*

*Lavender—In Sprinkler Bottles 2/6 to 16/6
Fancy Stoppered Bottles in Cases 6/9 to 70/-*



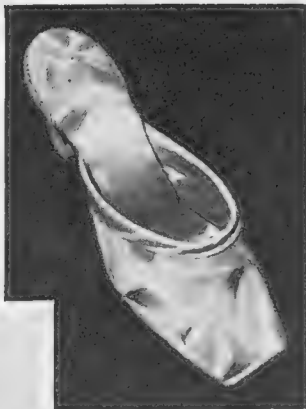
"I SUGGEST" GIFTS



Worthington, as everyone is pleased when the cellar is well stocked with it. There is nothing more refreshing and thirst allaying. The order must be dispatched immediately



Sabino glass; the vase bowl and ash-tray pictured may be seen at Liberty's, Regent Street, W., together with a variety of other examples of the work of this great artist



Footwear for hours of ease, at the Saxone Shoe Co., Regent Street. There is the printed silk mule with square toe, the red morocco slipper, as well as the embroidered moccasin enriched with fur and reinforced with a medium heel

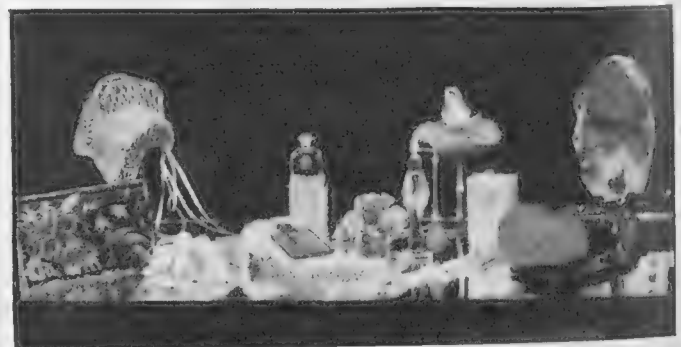


Milton, as it is a harmless and powerful disinfectant that makes the dentist's handiwork look like Nature's when she is in a kindly mood



A visit to Lincoln Bennett, 3, Burlington Gardens, and there choose a hat for yourself or intimate friend. There are a host of inexpensive trifles, including the handkerchiefs pictured. They are ideal substitutes for Christmas cards

A visit to Emile's, 24, Conduit Street, Bond Street, W., as he is showing a host of fascinating trifles that are the very things for Yuletide gifts; there are boudoir caps, perfumes, pochettes, necklaces, and powder puffs, as well as creams and lotions



Pictures by Blake



RED HOT DEVILS dancing on your feet

Pour some Milton into a bowl and add an equal quantity of warm water. Soak your feet in this solution for a few minutes. Almost instantly the throbbing is calmed, soothed, comforted. Relief comes quickly—and lasts. Afterwards dab on Milton full strength. In a day or two that maddening irritation will fail to return—ever! Milton of all Chemists 6d., 1/-, 1/6, & 2/6 a bottle. **Read the Book that comes with the Bottle**

MILTON

Antiseptic

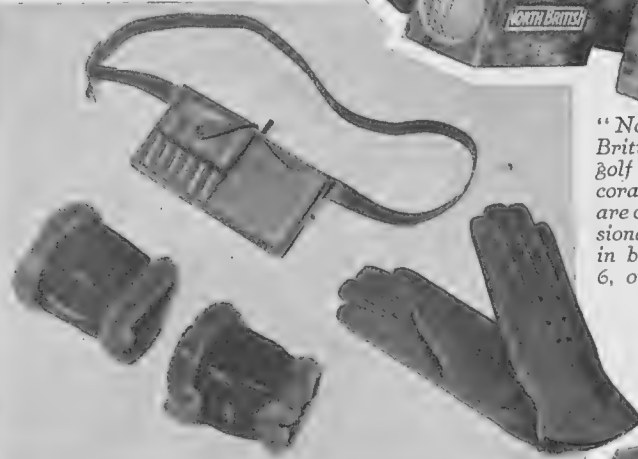


"I SUGGEST—"

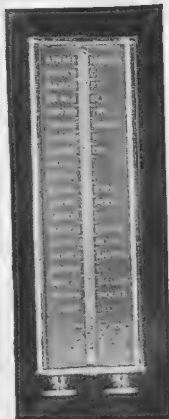
This Braemar-Alba jumper-blouse of the finest Botany wool; it comes from Greensmith Downes, George Street, Edinburgh



"North British" golf balls in decorated boxes. They are obtainable from professionals and sports dealers in boxes containing 2, 4, 6, or 12 balls



Unusual gifts from Leathercraft, Berkeley Street. There are suede mittens and gloves, to say nothing of the special belt for enthusiastic golfers



For the motorist something from Dunhill's, Euston Road, N.W. There are the Enots distance-finder—will find or rather show the distance from one town to another—and the combined cushion and foot-muff, and there is a wealth of choice in mascots and gadgets



A Havluk sports bag, which is obtainable from Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly. It is compact, nevertheless capacious; the main pocket is wide enough to take golf balls, and there are the fitted comb, purse, and cigarette case, also a rear pocket for score cards

That a letter be written to Chance Brothers, Smethwick, Birmingham, for particulars of their Orlak oven table glass; some specimens are pictured on the right. A famous sculptor has designed this useful series



Pictures by Blake

Bois
Dormant

au
matin

FLEUR
BIENAIMÉE



THREE
PERFUMES

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

A Choice Smoke.

The most discriminating taste and delicately-discerning palate will be satisfied and charmed by a very fine brand of Oriental cigarettes, obtainable from leading tobacconists or from the manufacturers, Sullivan,



A TIN OF SUB ROSA ORIENTAL CIGARETTES

Powell & Co., Ltd., 24, Hanover Square, W.1. There is Mild Special No. 2 Format, Sub Rosa Original, and Turco cigarettes, but all their cigarettes are particularly pleasing in their respective strengths and exquisite flavour, being hand-made of the choicest and most fragrant Oriental tobaccos, rolled in paper of the finest quality. They are packed in attractive tins of 100; they are particularly suitable as Christmas presents.

An Annual Sale.

Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W., "Once a Year" Sale is in progress, and among the unique attractions are Aquascutum overcoats and suits for men and women at greatly

reduced prices, in many cases half and under. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that each garment bears this firm's label, and is guaranteed to be the same quality that they have maintained for over three-quarters of a century. Garments will be sent on approval on receipt of height and chest measurements; a London trade reference must be enclosed. Real Scotch tweed overcoats in plain colours and checks are £3; there are likewise a limited number of slightly blemished field coats (waterproof and windproof) for this price. Women's tweed suits in all sizes

are £6, and ensembles in various styles and sizes, usually 15 to 18 guineas, are now £8, £9 and £10.

Postiches That Are Different.

The strenuous life that everyone experiences before Christmas has the reverse of beneficial effect on the hair. Therefore intelligent women are visiting Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, and having a postiche created for them which will express their individuality. Note the charming affair which finds pictorial expression on this page with its side-parting and curls at the nape of the neck. Furthermore, there are the En Tout Cas for those who do not wish to show a clear parting. They can be arranged and re-arranged in as many different ways as one's own hair, where no parting is required. For women who are not as young as they would wish to be there are semi-transformations or toupetts for the front of the head. In white or grey hair they are particularly becoming. There are swathes of wavy hair, chignons, and curls. And then there is the Nonetta front, destined to be worn in conjunction with a boudoir cap.



A FASHIONABLE POSTICHE
At Maison Nicol, 170, New Bond Street, W.



The soft light of "Nell Gwynn" Candles creates the Christmas atmosphere round the dining table.

Christmas Time is "Nell Gwynn" Candle Time

AT Christmas, "Nell Gwynn" Candles create just that desired atmosphere of hospitality. In themselves they form a lovely adornment to the dining table, but light them and then see how beautiful is "Nell Gwynn" Candlelight—soft, mellow and alluring. When your guests forgather, note how, by candlelight, the older ones look young again, how, too, the beauty of youth is enhanced. Here is warmth, conviviality, romance. Everyone is at ease. Talk flows wittily and without constraint.

A Most Welcome Christmas Gift

The gift of "Nell Gwynn" Candles brings the cheerful warmth of colour to gloomy winter rooms. "Nell Gwynn" Candles bring permanent delight; their colours are solid dyed, not surface tinted. The smallest size costs 9d. a box of two candles; now there is a new Gift Box containing four 14" Candles and four flat Candlesticks to match, costing only 5/-.

Decorative Value of "Nell Gwynn" Candles

"Nell Gwynn" Candles are an essential ornament to any room; displayed on the mantelpiece, on the side-board and the table, they give the final touch to the scheme of decoration. They are made in many sizes and 36 different shades.

For further information, please write for a delightful free booklet with coloured illustrations called "Lights of Other Days," J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. W., London, S.E.1. Established 1642, in the reign of Charles I.



Elche, Spain.



*Granada, Spain.
Partial view of the Alhambra.*

Sunny Spain

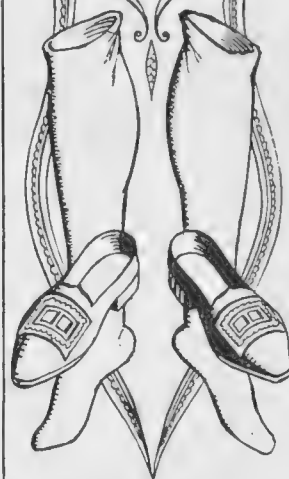
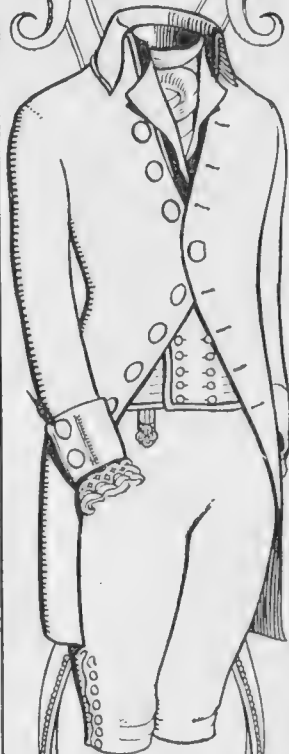
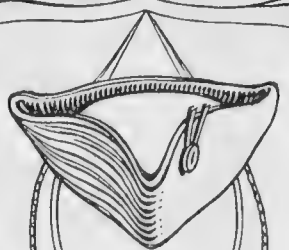
Do not miss the opportunity of visiting sunny Spain this winter . . . The land of romance, Art and health resorts. You will never forget it if you do, and you would never forgive yourself if you knew what you were missing. Modern accommodation suited to every budget.

For all Information and Literature apply to the Spanish National Tourist Board Offices at Paris, 12 Boulevard de la Madeleine; New York, 695, Fifth Avenue; Rome, 9 Via Condotti; Munich, 6 Residenzstrasse; Buenos Aires, Veinticinco de Mayo, 158; Gibraltar, 63-67 Main Street. At London and other cities apply to Thos. Cook & Son's and Wagons Lits Agencies, or any other Travel Agency.



*Peñíscola, Spain.
General View.*

ESTABLISHED
1785



Gieves

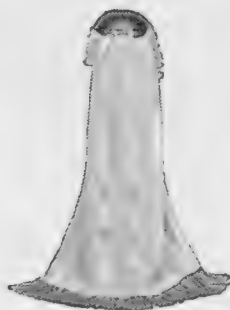
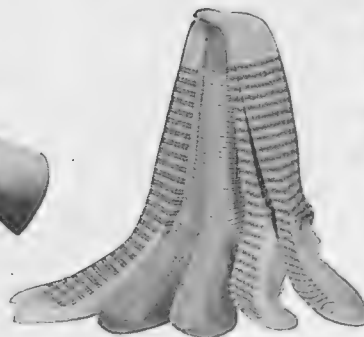
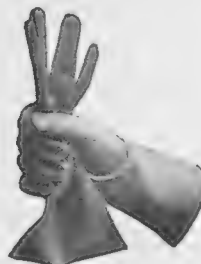
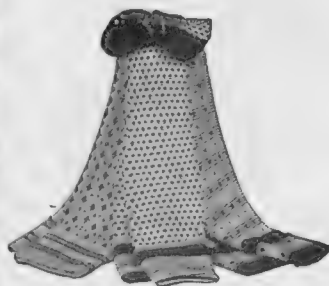


By Appointment.

Gieves
LIMITED



By Appointment.



SUITABLE XMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

1930

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LONDON, W. 1.

Plymouth
Weymouth
Southsea
Chatham
Malta

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS P. G. (PETA) VAUGHAN-SAWYER

Who is engaged to Mr. Robert Owen Symon, is the only daughter of the late Captain G. H. Vaughan-Sawyer and Mrs. Ethel Vaughan-Sawyer, M.D., B.S., of 131, Harley Street, W.

near Vryburg, and Miss Kathleen Violet Everington, which will take place at the Cape in January.

Marrying Abroad.

Lieut.-Colonel David Livingstone Graham, O.B.E., M.B., F.R.C.S. Ed., Indian Medical Service, who is the second son of the late Mr. J. D. and Mrs. Graham of Ayr, Scotland, and Miss Mildred Edith Clarke, the daughter of the late Mr. Sebastian Clarke and Mrs. Clarke of Uckfield, Sussex, are being married some time this month, and their wedding is taking place at Shillong, Assam; a New Year wedding is that between Mr. Richard R. Gummer of Wildebeest pan,



CAPTAIN AND MRS. E. L. PURCELL GILPIN

Who were married on November 15 at Calcutta. Captain Purcell Gilpin is the youngest son of the late Mr. P. Purcell Gilpin and Mrs. Purcell Gilpin, and his wife was formerly Miss Aileen Thomas, and is the elder daughter of Brigadier R. H. Thomas, Survey General of India

Recent Engagements.

Mr. H. H. Walker, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Walker of Loch Maree, Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent, and Miss Sheila Caddell, the only daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. Walter B. Caddell of Southfield, The Avenue, Beckenham, Kent; Mr. F. Milton Harvey, Associate R.I.B.A., Assoc. Mem. Inst. C.E., of Gorleston, and Miss Muriel Combe, the youngest daughter of the late Colonel E. H. H. Combe, V.D., J.P.; Captain Edward S. O'Kelly, Royal Army Veterinary Corps, the son of the late Mr. William Henry O'Kelly of Monkstown Castle, Co. Dublin, and Miss Marjorie Cuthbert Moy, the daughter of Mr. Charles Thomas and Mrs. Moy of Stanway Hall, Colchester.



MISS NANCY SHEPPARD

The eldest daughter of Colonel G. S. Sheppard, C.M.G., and Mrs. Sheppard of Malton House, Shanklin, I.O.W., whose marriage to Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey Frederick Burghard, R.N., will take place at Shanklin on January 3

New Year Weddings.

On January 7, Mr. Philip Freeman-Taylor, the Norfolk Regiment, and Miss Nadine Leonora Williamson are being married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens; the 14th is the date fixed for the wedding of Mr. Ernest A. Hardy and Miss Frances Joy St. George McNulty, the only daughter of Brig.-General A. G. P. McNulty, and is to take place at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square.

An Apology.

We regret that under the photograph of Miss Thelma Blay, published in our issue of December 3, we described Miss Blay's fiancé wrongly. She is engaged to Mr. William Leslie Paget Woolley, who is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. William Woolley of The Laurels, Derby.

"The Magic of Islam."

NORTH AFRICAN MOTOR TOURS

Verdure and blossom . . . Peak and chasm . . . Mosque and minaret . . . Ghostly ruins and teeming bazaars . . . Golden sands and glittering sequias . . . Princely palaces and mud cities . . . Sunset and the Muezzin.
A magnificent tour in the Land of the stork, the scarlet ibis and the golden date—the land of blood red dawn, gorgeous sunset and peerless translucent night.

ALGERIA—TUNISIA—MOROCCO THE SAHARA

BUT to see the Sahara's greatest wonders you must get to the South.

Private Tours by Modèle de Luxe 5-seater landaulets. Arrange the route and details yourself, but let us assist with expert advice. Tours for separate bookings by 14-seater Saloon Coaches running to scheduled itineraries. 125 tours to choose from. Forty-four of the famous "Transatlantique" hotels erected especially for these tours. A fleet of six-wheeled "Desert Cars." Write for Booklet

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Montacute Abbey Gatehouse, nr. Yeovil

A beautiful Fifteenth Century fragment which still adorns the home county of St. Ivel Lactic Cheese, the only cheese ever awarded a Gold Medal by the International Medical Congress. Always fresh, this nourishing and very easily digested cheese is a delicious addition to salads, makes sandwiches of perfection, and contains long-life cultures valuable to health.

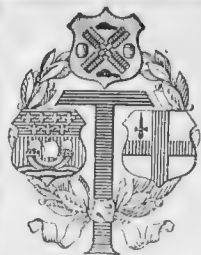
AIDS DIGESTION

Fresh up from Somerset every morning.
Prices 2d. and 8½d.

St IVEL

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APLIN & BARRETT & THE WESTERN COUNTIES CREAMERIES LTD., YEovil, SOMERSET.
Proprietors of the famous Golden Meadow Butter.



**A GIFT THAT IS
A TREASURE**
*but involves no
treasure to give*

A necklace of Tecla Pearls—the rival counterpart of the Orientalgem—lustrous with the sea-soft sheen of the deep-water pearl—warm with the kaleidoscopic tints of Nature's great original—a fortune in appearance, but only a tithe of an Oriental necklace in cost. For Christmas or New Year it is one of the most charming gifts that one can give to womankind.

Tecla Pearl Necklaces are priced from £2 2s. And when you go to see Tecla Pearls look at the new Tecla jewellery. Tecla jewellery is a fit companion for Tecla Pearls—perfect copies of perfect stones in perfect settings, creations of the master craftsman.

Tecla

7 Old Bond Street, London, W.1

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"the best gift of all"



"used by famous women known
for their chic"

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Same price as petrol



Conserve the life of your battery For easy starting change over to

NATIONAL BENZOLE MIXTURE

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(The distributing organisation owned and entirely controlled
by the producers of British Benzole)

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

In these trying times it is gratifying to hear of young Britain continuing as of old to blaze new trails across the world. Nowadays, of course, most expeditions are undertaken in cars, and they therefore promote the world's confidence in British productions. On this account their value can scarcely be over-estimated. The latest additions to the ranks of our young commercial ambassadors are Mr. C. E. Shippam and Mr. J. B. Dixon, who quietly slipped away from the Coventry works of Riley (Coventry), Limited, on Thursday, April 24th, 1930. They left Liverpool on the following day at 3 p.m. by the Canadian Pacific liner *Duchess of Bedford* for a tour round the world on their Riley Nine.

The car was equipped with special coachwork mounted on a chassis standard in every way, except for additional petrol tanks and larger road wheels with rear axle gearing to suit. The coachwork incorporated several items of interest, such as the provision for carrying the very complete tool kit in the doors, commodious and comfortable sleeping accommodation with mosquito protection and copper water tanks.

Landing at Quebec, they proceeded via Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, and Salt Lake City, to San Francisco. Here they turned north to Vancouver and British Columbia, south again to Los Angeles and San Diego, and back once more to San Francisco, whence they shipped for New Zealand via Honolulu and the Fiji Islands. After touring the north island they embarked at Wellington for Australia. They landed at Sydney and drove to Melbourne and Adelaide, which was the starting point for the very gruelling transcontinental trip to Perth. They then



THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE

With her two loves—her gallant 'plane and the Humber car on which she competed in the last Monte Carlo rally

took a boat for Surabaya, toured Java and crossed from Batavia to Singapore. The next overland section led them to Penang, whence they shipped for Colombo. After a few days in Ceylon they decided to travel through India, despite the unrestful state of this unfortunate country. They were much hindered by swollen streams which made fords impassable, but once they reached Madras the remainder of the Indian trip was plain sailing.

Shipping to Basra they followed the Tigris valley to Bagdad, whence they branched off for Teheran in Persia. They then returned to Bagdad and joined a convoy across the Syrian desert to Damascus. The crossing of this desert formed one of the most arduous tasks of the whole trip. From Damascus a good road led them to Beirut, whence they embarked for Brindisi. After touring Italy, France, Austria, Hungary, Germany, and Belgium they returned to England, reaching London on December 2.

AIR EDDIES—continued from p. 524

good race, and if they do succeed in winning, the trophy will remain the property of Great Britain, and there will be no more Schneider Trophy race.

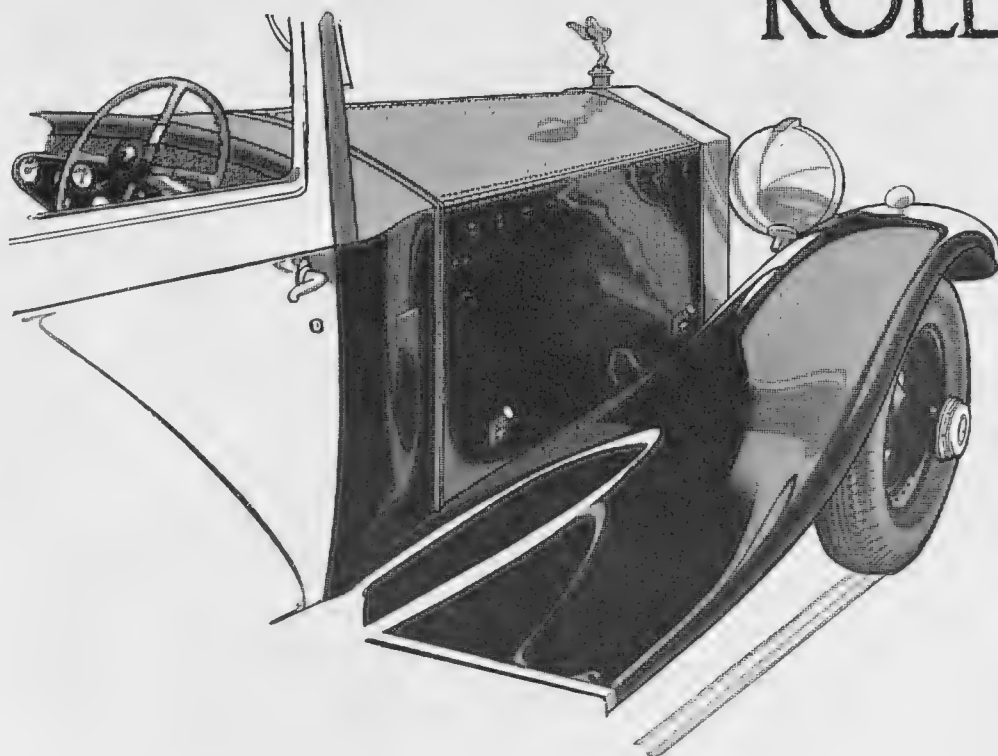
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Aviation Biographies.

More biographies of aviators on the lines of those I suggested two weeks ago have been reaching me though most of the writers are sufficiently ashamed of their efforts to avoid putting their names on their letters. Two who have put their names send such libellous "biographies" that I dare not use them, although one has the requisite nonsensical abandon and is one of the funniest I have seen. The only one I feel inclined to risk mentioning is anonymous and refers to Heston Air Park. It runs:

Messrs. Norman and Muntz
Discourage double bunts;
When a pilot bunted at 50 ft. one day
They had a few words to say.

But I fear that this biography habit is turning into a kind of neurosis. An analysis would no doubt reveal the causes of the fatal attraction which the form seems to exercise.



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*By Appointment
to
H.M. The King*

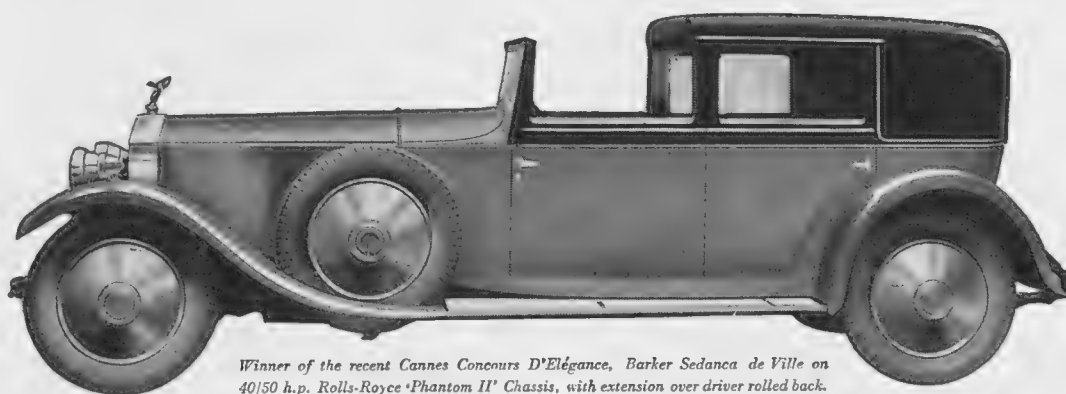
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Acknowledged THE WORLD'S BEST CAR



*By Appointment
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*Winner of the recent Cannes Concours D'Elégance, Barker Sedan de Ville on
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Coachbuilders to H.M. The King and H.R.H. The Prince of Wales
The Rolls-Royce Body Specialists and Retailers. Telephone: Grosvenor 2420

From the Shires and Provinces

(Continued from p. 518)

the circus act lying down in the wettest furrow; needless to say the embarrassed horseman did not place his foot on the quarters and crack his whip *au cirque*, but quickly mounted and joined the gay throng. Peaker and his hounds led the way to Peatling Covert, from whence a fox promptly departed. A good twenty minutes over the Arnesby and Foston plough and grass settled the most of the field, Charles taking the heaviest line, to vanish in the Countesthorpe vale. Second horses were requisitioned after a long trot to Ashby. From there a fox was bolted who fled Gilmorton way, but ultimately turned and was lost in the Willoughby vale. Bad luck attended the visiting M.F.H., his horse going lame at the critical moment. It was good to see both Lord Beatty and Lord Ebury out once more.

A brilliant assembly in a beautiful setting foregathered at Noseley Hall on Thursday. Horse boxes had conveyed hunters from afar. There were several visitors from famous packs. The young man in pink who dropped his whip lash under the saddle when mounting had a few hectic minutes, but stuck gamely to his guns and gained top side of his bucking steed. A quick find in the Laurels sent hounds away on the run of the season. Crossing over to Shangton Holt they ran almost a seven-mile point to Hungarton Fox Holes in Quorn domain, and were unlucky not to kill their fox, who went to ground. Most horses and some riders had quite enough. Those who found their second string had another good hunt from Norton Gorse in the afternoon.

From the Heythrop

In sharp contrast to the weather conditions of last week, Monday at Churchill was a fine hunting day, but, as events so happened, far from a fine day's hunting. Foxes could not be found in such strongholds as Sarsden, Partridge Covert, The Norrels, etc., and rumour had it that they had gone completely to the dogs, but now we are glad to say the dog responsible has at last gone elsewhere, never more to molest these vulpine sanctuaries. Friday at Evenlode was an even money chance whether we could hunt or not owing to the fog. However, after a little roamin' in the gloamin', hounds were put into Yells Osiers and a most enjoyable hunt followed in the fog. It was a cruel reply to be told, on enquiring of a pedestrian which way the hounds were, that he had not the "foggiest." There were many empty saddles and it was a pity that the Secretary was dipped, as there are no flies on him in any case.

From Lincolnshire

Last week we were threatened by floods! Now another hobgoblin has turned up in the shape of fog! During the week-end it was as thick as pea-soup, and we came to within an ace of being stopped. Scent is still catchy and unreliable. The glass jumps about in the most frantic and irresponsible manner, and frequent changes have not been good for sport. Deep and difficult going has produced a big crop of casualties.

The enthusiastic visitor who had a shot at every obstacle on the Blankney's Roxholm day (December 3), as hounds streamed along the valley between Cranwell Wood and Rauceby Thorns (Belvoir country, by the way), was wonderfully lucky to keep where he did! Once he developed a sudden affection for his mount, which he thought fit to embrace in taking a big double!

It was all Lombard Street to a China orange that the "Stand-Still Order" would be enforced on Saturday, December 6, for the smoke-screen was impenetrable. Luckily it cleared, and all the county packs met.

From the York and Ainsty

Thursday (4th) saw both packs out, the North at Marton-cum-Grafton—where they found foxes in Lylands and Broadfield—and the South, with Jack in charge, at Wheldrake. Comic relief was supplied when the Thicket fox broke covert, and was personally pursued by the Brigadier, assisted by Muriel and Jerry; however, the hounds got a look-in later. At Melbourne, on Saturday, we were greeted by Francisco, armed with a little knotty cane, and Mr. Justice Roche came to pay us a visit. The day was a great disappointment, however, as there was hardly any scent, and we had to stop owing to fog before two o'clock.

The Christmas Number of "The White Horse Bulletin" contains some interesting reading together with many illustrations, and it also contains two special leaflets, showing how to-day White Horse Distillers Ltd., have proved it possible to send bottles of White Horse in paper containers with perfect safety. Such is the strength of these containers that a motor-car can run over them without damaging the bottles. The cases which were experimented with were their two and three bottle Christmas Gift Cases. They consist of strong outer corrugated paper boxes and round paper pulp containers. Orders for Christmas packages should be placed immediately with your usual suppliers to ensure delivery for Christmas. There is no extra charge for these two and three bottle Christmas packages, the retail prices being 25s. and 37s. 6d. respectively. A copy of the bulletin and leaflets can be obtained on application to: White Horse Distillers Ltd., 20, St. James Square, London, S.W.1.





Father's bought a gift for the whole family!

Father's had a brain-wave this Christmas. He's bought the family an Underwood Portable. He couldn't have done better. Everyone's delighted—all of them can type their letters now. Mother can type her invitations to bridge parties, and Betty her work for the girl's club; George can use the Underwood for his stories, and Bob for his homework. But between ourselves, Father himself will use the Underwood Portable more than anybody else! It's a sure thing he had that in mind when he bought it! The Underwood Portable is light of touch, silent at work, has a clear beautiful type and is easy to manipulate. Send us the coupon below and we will arrange a free trial at your home.

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The I.G.L. Champion Stake for Retrievers was decided at Idsworth on November 27 and 28. The meeting was an interesting one, many good dogs competing; as usual Labradors were greatly in the majority. Lady Howe was placed second with F.T. Champion Banchory Becky and third with F.T. Champion Bryngarw Flute. Mrs. Charlesworth was running Noranby Jean. Hiwood Chance, Mrs. Hill-Wood's good Labrador, though entered, was absent. Lady Howe entertained most of those present to lunch each day, which was much appreciated.

Interest in Cocker never varies, they are still the most popular and fashionable of dogs, both in town and country. Mrs. Lane sends a snap of one of her Cocker pups; he is a real good one, and she is naturally rather proud of him as she bred him. She is keeping the brother, so wishes to sell this one. She also has some younger pups for sale, four months old. These are good, healthy pups, ready to go anywhere.

With reference to my appeal for house-trained dogs, Miss Little says she has two small, full-grown Pom bitches for sale. They are both first prize winners, and Miss Little will take very moderate prices as she wants to reduce her kennels for the winter.



COCKER SPANIEL

The property of Mrs. Lane

She sends a photograph of her well-known Shining June. There is no more dainty, perfectly proportioned little animal than a good Pom, and they are extraordinarily intelligent, having an uncanny knowledge of what is said and done before them.

Greyhound racing seems to have come to stay. One of the best-known and most successful training establishments is that belonging to Mrs. Lovett at New Barnet. Mrs. Lovett has had a most successful season at Brighton, where she



MRS. LOVETT AND SOME WINNING GREYHOUNDS

heads the winning trainers' list, and holds two track records, in one case having beaten the record herself three times. Many are the famous greyhounds trained by Mrs. Lovett, and she is particularly proud of the performance of Spot Light, owned by Mr. Bowlby and trained by her. Spot Light won the Open Hurdle race and cup at Brighton on October 25, and on the following Thursday won a cup coursing when running up for the thirty-two dog Home Counties' Cup Stake. This is a record, few dogs being top class at both sports. Mrs. Lovett has sent some dogs to the Maharaja of Jodhpur, including Champion Lattosan, which have given excellent accounts of themselves. She has some specially good puppies for sale at present by famous track winners, also track and coursing winners, and of course famous dogs at stud. She sends a photograph of herself and some of her charges.

Mrs. Nash Peake writes, she wishes to sell to a good country house a well-trained deerhound dog. This dog has won many prizes at championship shows. He is four years old, very affectionate and sweet tempered.

I also have an application for a kennel-maid. It is for a small kennel of Borzois, which has just been started. As the owner is a good deal away she must have someone thoroughly experienced, able to take entire charge in her absence. She would prefer someone accustomed to large dogs; the kennel-maid lives as one of the family.

Miss Pearson writes she wishes to have a pupil to train in her most successful kennel of smooth fox terriers. Miss Pearson lives in a very nice part of the world, and the job is a pleasant one.

All letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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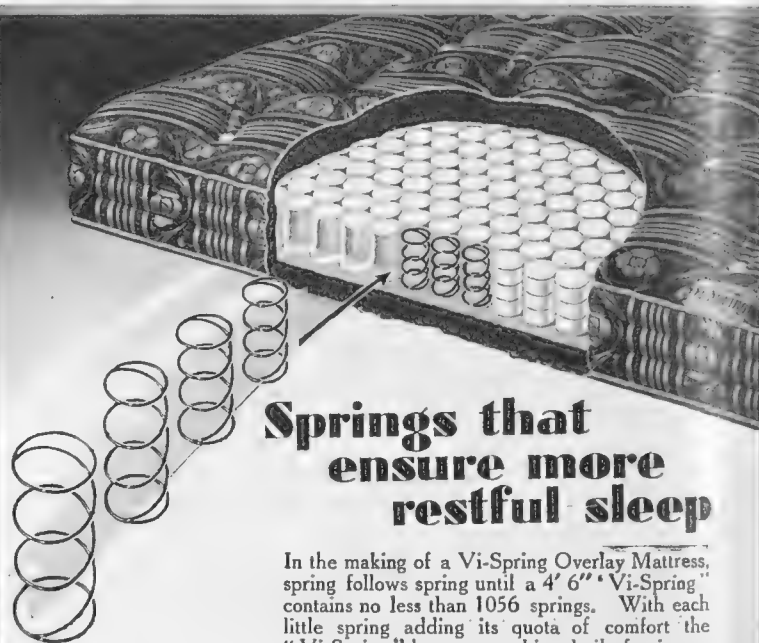
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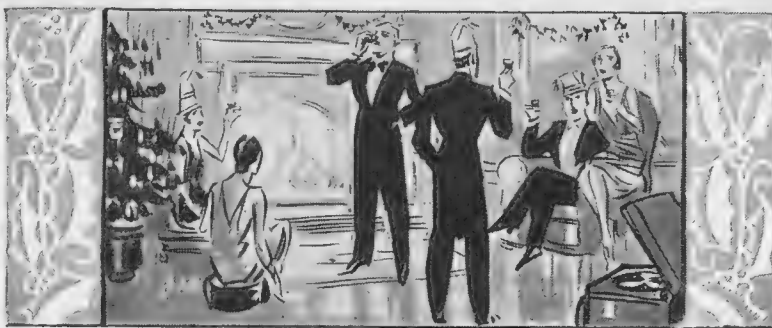
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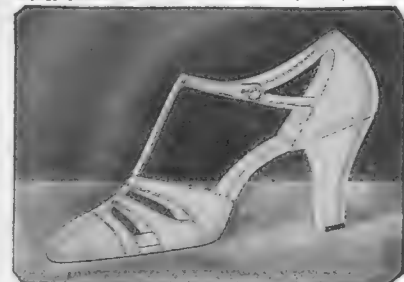
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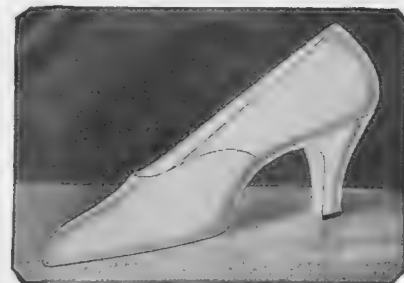
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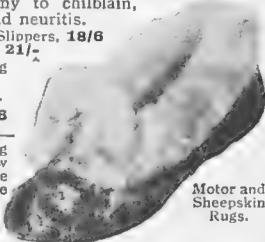
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The socks have delightful coloured turn-over tops in bright, gay shades, and the beret and scarf are made to match. Here are the shades: Orange / Royal / Beige. Cardinal / Beige / Black. Mauve / Green / Grey. Red / Green / Lemon. Orange / Green / Almond.

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JOHN BARKER AND COMPANY LTD., KENSINGTON, W.8
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CHRISTMAS IS SLIPPER TIME

Give slippers this year—the gift of lasting warmth. See them at the Saxone stores.



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Style 7538D.
Black, Rose,
Saxe, Jade
Crêpe-de-
Chine.

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Black, Saxe,
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Style 7536D.

Style 7536D.
Prettily printed
Rayon with fur
trimming.
Leather sole.
Red, Fawn,
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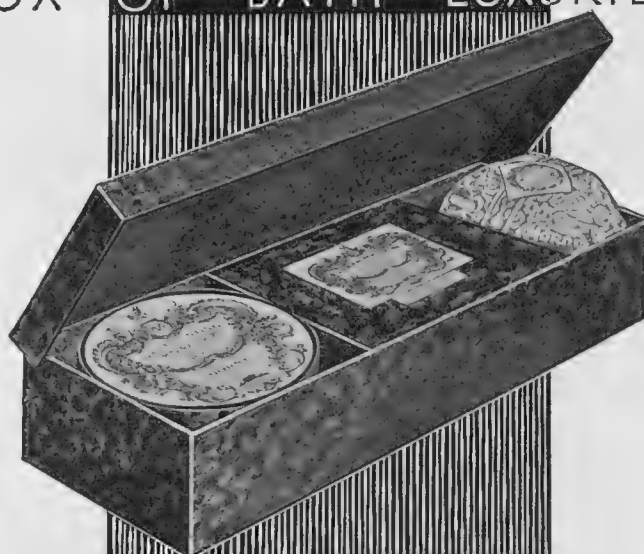
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THE SONIA HEALTH CORSET in broché, to lace or with closed back.

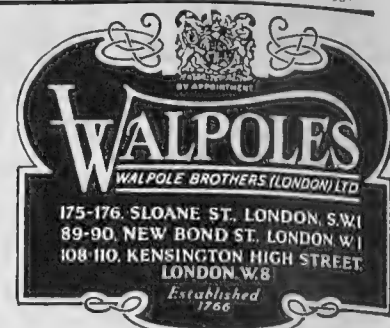
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In sizes 24 to 36 ins., and three heights.

To order from **6½ Gns.**

Measurements required: Bust, waist and hips, taken easily without corsets.

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THIS CHRISTMAS * * *

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[Clear, fine silk. Full fashioned. Wide yet close-fitting tops.

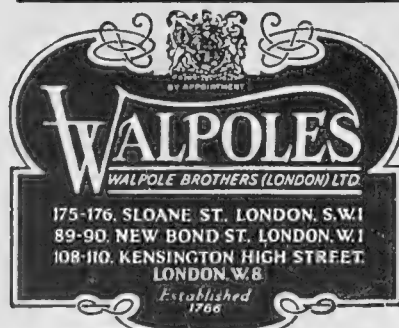
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Do men admire
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JUST ASK ONE!



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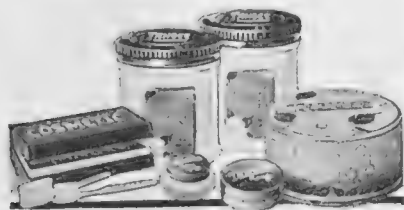
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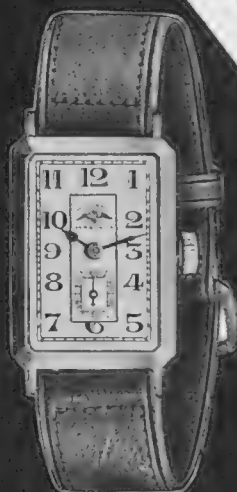


No matter what kind of watch he has, he still longs for this—a wrist watch with pocket watch accuracy! Now he can have it at last . . . for the Rotary Maximus has arrived ● Looking irresistibly slim and smart—yet as strong and accurate as the watch his grandfather wore! Only revolutionary design and ingenious patents could have done it ● What a wonderful watch! Yes . . . give him something he's wanted for years . . . give him a Rotary Maximus.

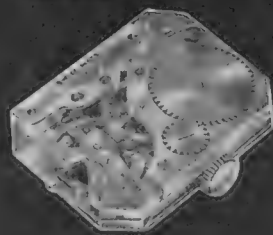
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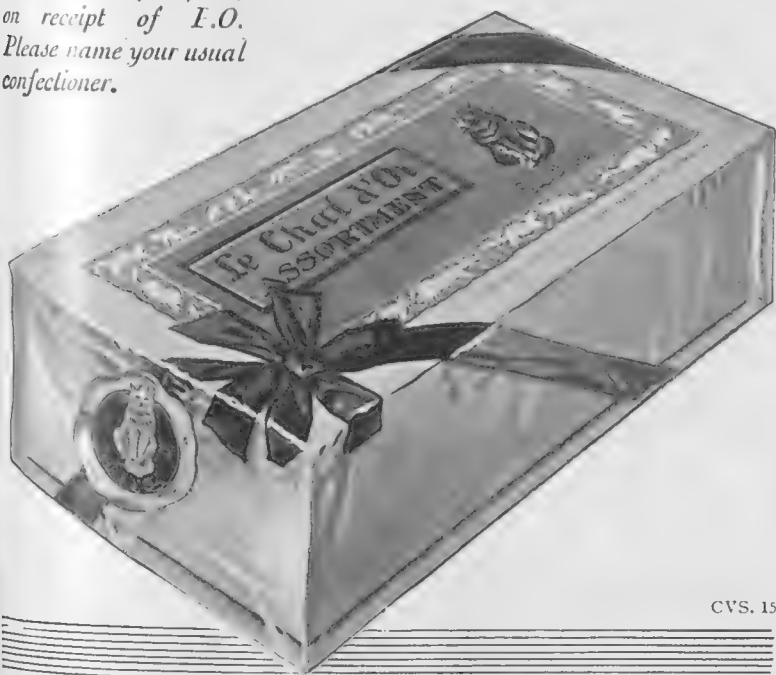


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You will find Chocolats Le Chat D'Or a very correct answer to the 'present' problem during the coming Christmas Season.

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use—
In light and
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Lengths 42 to 50

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This beret is smartly
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Adjustable to any position
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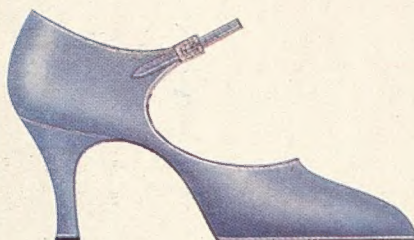
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